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(In which is incorporated The Metropolitan.)

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" Ottawa	†6.10 a.m.	" Montreal		9.50 a.m.
" "	*8.45 a.m.	" "		*11.15 a.m.
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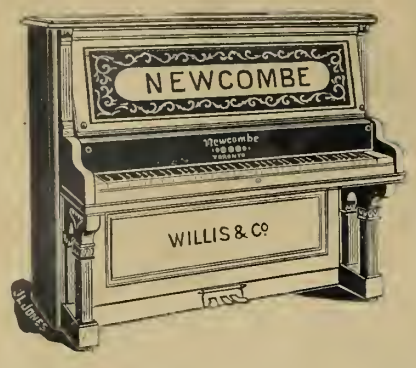

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Life in a Looking-Glass

LAST week I had a word to say about the contrast between public life in England and in Canada, and pointed out that politicians in this country dread defeat because too often it brings in its wake loss of livelihood, loss of reputation and loss of friends. A concrete example of a most striking character has been brought to my attention. So long as Sir Adolphe P. Caron's political star was in the ascendant, no man had a larger personal following. Whether at his hotel or his club he was surrounded by "friends" who bowed and scraped to him, and could not show him too much deference. But disaster came, and presto, change! The sycophants deserted him to a man. He wandered into his old haunts, unheeded by the very individuals who, when he had favors to bestow and all the prestige of a Minister of the Crown, would have stumbled over one another in their eagerness to be recognized by him. At the club, none asked him to join them; at the hotel, his meals and rest were no longer disturbed by the officious clamor of courtiers.

* * *

BUT Conservative stock has risen a trifle, and behold another change. During the last few days Sir Adolphe has been in town. He is no longer friendless and forlorn. The ward-heelers amongst the Conservatives, and the floating element who seek always to attach themselves to the winning side, scent the possibility of a change at Ottawa. Sir Adolphe has announced his intention of re-entering active political life. His old adherents are commencing to edge their way back to his side. They want to be prepared for all eventualities, and it can at least do no harm to be decently civil with the man. Therefore, it is not surprising that he was received with a little more courtesy and attention during his visit here than he has been accustomed to of late. One would imagine that old friends, who had deserted and almost cut a man in the hour of his misfortune, would experience some awkwardness in approaching him with cordiality and effusiveness as the clouds show signs of lifting. Not a bit of it. Human nature is capable of almost any feat if put to the test, and it is surprising with what ease people are "off with the old love and on with the new," when policy dictates such a course.

* * *

BUT how the politician must despise the sycophants in his heart, even while he is forced to submit, with a smile and a pleasant word, to their unctuous hypocrisy! This is one of the unceasing trials of the successful public man—to tolerate, and not only to tolerate, but to court, individuals who pretend what they do not really feel. The politician who hopes to attain, or to hold power, must school himself to this most repulsive of tasks—a sort of hypocrisy in itself. He must at least appear to forgive and forget. He must conciliate men whom he cannot respect. Sir John A. Macdonald was a past-master of the art of not making enemies. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has wonderful tact in dealing with individuals. All our most successful public men have known how to make themselves acceptable to adherents who would be traitors in the hour of reverse. Those who have not learned this lesson have not, as a rule, amounted to much in practical politics. The Hon. Joseph Martin could not, or would not, learn it, and there was no room for him in a Government that set out with "sunny ways" emblazoned on its shield.

* * *

SPEAKING with a McGill professor last week, I was surprised to learn that although the magnificent collection of books in the Redpath library is, in some departments, unsurpassed or unequalled in Canada, in others it is inadequate to the present needs of the University. And the University, it appears, is too poor to keep pace with all requirements. This is the best proof that McGill is fulfilling its purpose, for, as President Angell, of Ann Arbor, has said, a university, if it does its duty, is always poor. In other words, the needs of a progressive university are always in advance of its resources. There is probably no educational institution in America that has received such generous support from the community in which it has its being as McGill. This, we know, is the day of the wealthy university, especially in America, where rich people have vied with one another in their princely gifts to found and endow colleges of various kinds. But there is this difference between McGill and most of the richly-endowed universities of the United States; that, whereas, in the case of the latter, the benefactions have proceeded from single individuals, here they have come from a large number of persons. Chicago University owes its existence to one man—Mr. John D. Rockefeller—and so with other wealthy institutions in the United States. But McGill has been magnificently supported by a great many of Montreal's rich people. It should be a source of satisfaction to those who have poured out their means in the cause of higher education to know that the University has made such good use of its opportunities as to require fresh aid from time to time. McGill is a growing institution, and, like a growing boy, keeps getting too large for its clothes. If the University had buried the talents entrusted to it by the rich men of Montreal, the best evidence of the fact would be unoccupied buildings, an unused library, and professors with not enough work to keep them busy.

* * *

NO nobler use for money that has been honestly obtained from the general public could be imagined than the endowment of institutions through whose agency it can be handed back to the people at large. If millionaires justify their existence in the eyes of the world it will be by a wise use of their means for the welfare of humanity, and not merely for their own pleasure and profit. A great mass of money in the hands of one man can be made to go further in doing good than the same mass if divided amongst a great many individuals. The millionaire can, if he wishes, be a power for good, more concentrated and therefore more puissant than fifty men of modest fortune with diverse aims. The other day I came across a striking passage on the power of money in an address of the late Frederick Douglass to a colored audience. "You have been accustomed," said the famous negro orator, "to hear that money is the root of all evil; on the other hand, property, money, if you please, will purchase for us the only condition by which any people can rise to the dignity of genuine manhood; for without property there can be no leisure, without leisure there can be no thought, without thought there can be no invention; without invention there can be no progress." The language of this passage is remarkably terse and

LOOKING-GLASS--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.

impressive. It is to the wise and righteous use of large accumulations of capital that the world must look for its future progress and happiness, rather than to Utopian schemes for an equal distribution of property amongst all men, without regard to their fitness.

* * *

THERE is no organization in Canada presenting, in its very nature, the same possibilities as the militia of being manipulated for party purposes. Fortunately this branch of the public service has been kept clear of politics, except in rare cases, when it did some effective work both in Montreal and Toronto. The Montreal garrison, the strongest in Canada, have certainly been badly treated by the present Government. They have borne their slights meekly, however, until the South African contingent affair added the last straw to the load, several capable officers who were strongly recommended to the Department being refused appointments, and commissions given to less competent men. It has been practically but informally decided to organize to support Opposition candidates in the next general election, as an object lesson to those responsible. Dr. Roddick, who is a military man, and Mr. Quinn will receive support that would ordinarily have been accorded to Government candidates, and an effort will be made to defeat Mr. Penny, who, it is rumored, will be opposed by Hon. A. Atwater, Q.C., the present representative of Mr. Penny's division in the Provincial Legislature.

* * *

"THE PUBLIC" is proverbially an exacting and ungrateful employer. Everybody considers himself at liberty to growl and grumble at officials of all ranks, from Premier to policeman, and the guardians of the peace, at least in Montreal, are systematically and regularly abused. The city police force is not perfect—no human institution is; but there are in its ranks a number of good, conscientious officers, who endeavor to do their duty and earn their money like men. Wholesale abuse of the force is unreasonable, and can only be dictated by malice. The inspection of the corps on Monday showed as fine a looking body of men physically and mentally as could be found in any city in America, and the drill was most creditable.

FELIX VANE.

LATE SOCIETY NEWS.

ON Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. W. R. Miller, 308 Stanley street, gave a large and very delightful tea. In fact, it was quite one of the most successful of the season. The house, which is in old colonial style, was brilliantly lighted, and in every room cut flowers and flowering plants were in profusion. In a small recess in the large hall, beside the stairs, the orchestra was hidden behind a screen of palms and rubber plants, and the music was much appreciated, not being too much "en evidence," as it usually is, and yet able to hold its own above the buzz of conversation. Blazing open fires in the hall, drawing-room, billiard-room and boudoir, gave a delightfully cosy appearance without making it uncomfortably warm. The tea-table was unusually effective, with its centre-piece of huge yellow chrysanthemums, and silver vases of the same flowers, but white and yellow both, and its profusion of old silver. Those who assisted in the tea-room were: Mrs. R. Wilson Reford, Miss Dunlop, Miss M. Gillespie, Miss L. Dunlop, Miss E. Scott, Miss G. Cundill, Miss Ewan, Miss A. Ewan, Miss Campbell. Mrs. Miller, with her sister-in-law, Miss Miller, received the guests in the long drawing-room, and, though there were some 300 present, there was no unpleasant crowding, owing to the roomy proportions of the house.

Among those invited were: Lady Van Horne, the Misses Van Horne, Mrs. H. Montagu Allan, Mrs. A. A. Allan, Mrs. H. A. Allan, Mrs. H. MacKenzie, Miss MacKenzie, Mrs. Waddell, Mrs. MacTier, Mrs. Bond, the Misses Bond, Mrs. Hayter Reed, Miss Robertson, Mrs. J. M. Pangman, Mrs. J. Pangman, Miss Pangman, Mrs. Macintosh, Miss Macintosh, Mrs. Wanklyn, Mrs. R. B. Angus, the Misses Angus, Mrs. D. F. Angus, Mrs. J. C. Hatton, Mrs. Law, Miss Law, Mrs. Dunlop, the Misses Dunlop, Hon. Mrs. Waud, the Misses Waud, Mrs. Reford, Miss Reford, Miss Symmers, Miss M. Campbell, Mrs. Clouston, the Misses Clouston, Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Miss Greenshields, Mrs. S. Greenshields, Mrs. F. W. May, Mrs. G. C. May, Miss Howard, Mrs. S. P. Stearns, Miss Stearns, Mrs. Eadie, Miss Eadie, Mrs. J. T. Molson, the Misses Molson, Lady Hickson, the Misses Hickson, Lady Hingston, Mrs. G. R. Hooper, Mrs. C. Meredith, Mrs. H. Stanley Smith, Mrs. Durnford, Miss Durnford, Mrs. G. Ross. Mrs. Mark Molson, Mrs. G. Molson, Miss Molson, Mrs. A. Molson, Miss E. Molson, Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas, Miss Thomas, Mrs. E. Stuart, Mrs. D. Lorn Macdougall, Miss Macdougall, Mrs. J Law, Mrs. H. B. Macdougall, Mrs. A. T. Paterson, Miss Paterson, Mrs. H. S. Holt, Mrs. A. M. Esdaile, Mrs. Cassels, Miss Cassels, Mrs. W. M. Ramsay, the Misses Ramsay, Mrs. W. Rae, Mrs. Cook, the Misses Cook, Mrs. Parker, Miss Parker, Mrs. H. Wonham, Mrs. Wonham, Miss Wonham, Mrs. J. H. R. Molson, Miss Hill, Mrs. G. F. Benson, Mrs. Raynes, the Misses Raynes, Mrs. E. H. King, Mrs. H. B. Yates, Mrs. Maclennan, the Misses Maclennan, Mrs. F. Maclennan, Mrs. Riddell, Miss Riddell, Mrs. H. C. Scott, Miss Scott, Mrs. J. J. Redpath, Miss Redpath, Mrs. H. Graham.

* * *

THE possibility of a dance to be given at the Windsor, during the Christmas holidays, by a number of well-known young bachelors, is a pleasant one to anticipate. When the "Baby Bachelors" were in the habit of giving their annual dance at the Kennels, there was not any so much looked forward to, or enjoyed. And, as it is said some of these "Babies," who decided a year or so ago that they had outgrown the title, are likely to be among the promoters of the entertainment, its success seems assured.

Mrs. Lewis Skaife, Hutchison street, gave a very pleasant little tea on Tuesday for Miss Hart, of New York, who is visiting her.

The Montreal Club, Hospital street, which has been a great success as a midday resort for down-town business men, is trying to secure one of the upper floors that are being added to the head office of the Merchants Bank. Lunch clubs so situated are growing more popular in the American cities because of their freedom from street noises and their excellent light, ventilation and outlook.

Mr. S. O. Shorey and Miss Shorey had a novel, though unpleasant experience on the continental trip, from which they have just returned. Yellow fever was raging in New Orleans, but it did not prevent their thoroughly exploring the city. On taking the train for the north, they were locked in their pullmans for three days, the health authorities in the different States through which they had to pass not allowing them to disembark at any point.

LORD KITCHENER has given the Queen an Arab donkey, and the Emperor Menelik has sent her some beautiful zebras, which are now in the London Zoo. The keeping of wild animals is growing among the wealthy English people, although a private menagerie is a very expensive and troublesome luxury. The finest private zoo in England is owned by Mr. Rothschild. His zebras are especially handsome, and he frequently drives them four-in-hand.

ALLEGORIES OF LOVE.

"There are 71 marriageable princesses to 47 eligible princes, so some of the former must die unwedded or forsake their rank."—MONTREAL LIFE.

LOVE mounted a chair and peered into the mirror anxiously, but what he saw evidently did not reassure him. He sat down dejectedly on the dressing-table, among the cosmetics and aids to beauty belonging to the Princess Xenia, and leaning his head on his hand, said sorrowfully to himself: "It is only too true, what they say of me. There is no doubt that I must be getting old and unattractive. I am behind the age, I fear me. No longer can I point out the way for lads and lasses to follow. The Princess perhaps is right in preferring her rank to her lover, and I cannot help the youth over much. But since there is for her no mate of royal lineage, she must die unwedded, which is a thing to be abhorred in a woman, and much more so in a princess. I like not this dearth of princes—and when the world and I were young——"

He broke off with a sigh, for the subject was too sad to be pursued longer.

Just then the Princess entered the room, dismissed her maid, and unbound her lovely hair, sitting pensively before the mirror.

Love, taken by surprise at her sudden approach, was unable to get away, and hid, therefore, behind the ornaments of the table.

The hour grew late, and still the royal maiden sat before the glass, looking first upon its silvery surface, and then at a miniature she held in her hand.

"He asks too much!" she whispered once. "And, in sooth, what is this love of which he prates? It may have once existed, and even survived the gods, but we have grown wiser now and know its full worth. It has had its day. And a princess is always a princess, while a wife may not even be fair."

And she smiled suddenly at the charming, brightening face before her.

In a reverie she leaned her head on her hand, even as one had done before her, and, as he had not done, fell asleep.

The unseen watcher stole out after a while, and borrowed some paints of his good friend, yet sometime enemy—Time. Then he set to work deftly, for he is clever with the brush. But the results are more satisfactory when the paints are his own. And he imitated Time's hard cruel touch almost too well. Lines and tiny wrinkles came as if by magic, and, at a touch, the bright brown hair grew a dull and dusty grey.

But on the eyes of the Princess Xenia he only breathed, nor suffered the brush to lie.

Then the sleeper stirred, sighed and awoke. She looked in the mirror like one in a dream, and saw a faded woman, with a maiden's eyes, yet not the eyes of the Princess Xenia.

Shocked beyond measure, she stared uncomprehendingly at the reflection, till suddenly she cried joyously, "Why, it is only paint, after all! See, it comes off with a touch. Ah, I understand now! That was only the Princess Xenia as she will be."

And she thought thereon till the candles flickered in the light of dawn. And when they went out the Princess went with them, but a woman and a miniature remained.

* * *

ONE day in the golden autumn the Quill Hat Girl stumbled upon Love, the artist, resting in the quiet woodland, but with no sketching materials near at hand.

"Oh dear me!" he groaned, at sight of her, "can I never get away from you and from work? This is not my busy day, let me tell you. I am trying to get a holiday, and I purposely left no address."

"Well, you needn't be cross," she pouted. "I'm sure I did not expect to see you here, nor want to, for the matter of that. In fact"—and she looked cautiously about as she spoke, "I am running away from a specimen of your art as shown in the human form divine."

"I didn't observe your great haste," Love remarked, dryly. "It struck me you were waiting for somebody, to tell the truth."

"Well, I wasn't," she retorted, hotly, while a pretty blush rose to her cheek. There fell a silence, during which Love looked at her curiously.

Far off in the distance came a sound as of a snapping branch. She started visibly. "Oh, I must go!" she said—and did not move.

Love rustled the leaves at his feet somewhat noisily. Then he said with cold dignity, "I should think it was about time you did. I have only just finished with the Bummer Girl, and I vow it is not time for you to appear on the scene. She was one of my aptest pupils, but you have not any of her artistic touches. I am not going to help you one bit. You have not one-quarter of the finesse of the girls I have been looking after lately."

"Haven't I, though?" she broke in laughingly. "Oh, Love, you dear old goose, haven't I just?"

A man's eager face appeared between some bushes he was thrusting aside; in an instant the Quill Hat Girl assumed an expression of deep annoyance; but when she turned to the departing figure of Love her face was very mischievous as she said, in an aside, "I hate to send you away, dear boy, after you have helped me so. Can't you stay? Two may be company, but three (when you are one) is Love."

And Cupid, Master of All Arts, laughed, as he worked on his one holiday.

FLORENCE HAMILTON RANDAL.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

THIS portrait represents a clever and brave Canadian woman, Miss Mary Eugenie Hibbard, who has faced many dangers, and is about to face more, as a war nurse. She is to have charge of the nursing staff of the hospital ship Maine, fitted out by United States women for use by the British in the Boer War. Miss Hibbard was trained as a nurse at St. Catharines, Ont., and was afterwards superintendent of the training school of Grace Hospital, Detroit. She served as chief nurse at Camps Cuba Libre and Savannah during the Spanish-American War, with the rank and perquisites of an officer, and at the close of the war was attached to the Surgeon-General's staff at Washington. She volunteered to accompany the Canadian contingent, but her application was received too late, but her opportunity came when Mrs. Whitelaw Reid requested her to take charge of the Maine as chief nurse. Miss Hibbard is a sister of Mr. T. W. Hibbard, advocate, and Mrs. Geo. P. England, Mance street, Montreal.

MISS MARY EUGENIE HIBBARD.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

GRANT ALLEN'S PERSONALITY.

This charming character sketch of the late eminent Canadian, Grant Allen, was written for MONTREAL LIFE by a gentleman who knew him most intimately, and is in a position to speak with authority of the deceased writer.

ON October 25, in his beautiful Surrey home, "The Croft," after many weeks of suffering, there passed away a writer whom the late Cotter Morrison once described as "the most versatile man in England."

One need but read the titles of Grant Allen's 50 odd volumes to appreciate this statement. A man who could thrill his readers with some of the cleverest bits of fiction ever written, such as "The Rev. John Creedy" and other sketches, in "Strange Stories," was one monstrari digito praetereuntium, but when to his numerous tales and novels, some of which are

THE LATE GRANT ALLEN.

extremely popular, we add poetry, and to poetry biography, and to biography history, and to history æsthetics, and to æsthetics philosophy, and to philosophy a theory of physics, and when we find that this manifold activity was crowned by devotion to natural science, of which his many delightful works on evolution in plant and animal life are the fruit, we begin to appreciate the fact that Cotter Morrison's tribute was no mere after-dinner eulogy.

Versatility, indeed, marked Grant Allen's career from boyhood. In his seventh year he could read his father's Greek Testament, and yet, as a child, he was ever the foremost to discover the harbingers of spring in the flowers, birds and animals of forest and field. While he was yet a lad his drawing-master prophesied for him fame as an artist, and wept when he was taken away to prepare for the university. Entering Merton College he won a pastmastership for unusual excellence in Greek and Latin, yet his chief delight was in the field of natural science and the evolutionary philosophy of the day. After leaving Oxford he was appointed professor of mental philosophy and logic in a West Indian college, of which he soon became principal. Though a very successful teacher, his ambition carried him into another sphere, and as soon as the London journals began to accept his articles, he took the final plunge into the sea of literary life as a journalist and war-correspondent. Later, when his fame was well established, he became a public lecturer, his debut being made before the Royal Society.

In the light of modern science, some explanation of this versatility may be found in Grant Allen's family history. His father, himself an author and a man of great intellectual force, belongs to a brilliant Irish family. On the other hand, through his mother, a Montreal de Longueuil, he was a direct descendant, in the ninth generation, of the famous Frenchman, Charles Le Moyne, who, according to Parkman, was "founder of a family, the most truly eminent in Canada," and whose eleven warrior sons form unquestionably the most picturesque group in early Canadian history. His maternal grandmother belonged to a family of English soldiers and sailors, the well-known Devonshire Coffins, while his great-grandfather was a distinguished Scot, Capt. David Alexander Grant, of Blairfindy, who, for his devotion to the Pretender, was dispossessed of his estates.

This Canadian compound of French and English, Irish and Scotch blood, of the best types, was brought up amid the most favorable surroundings for the development of genius. From the hands of his parents—both of them endowed with unusual refinement and mental capacity—he passed to the best schools in Connecticut, France and England. He enjoyed the advantages of travel, and made himself a thorough master of French and Italian literature and art. Having lived in the north and south of Europe, in Canada and in the tropics, he had a more intimate knowledge of Nature, in her varied phenomena, than is commonly enjoyed by scientific students.

Grant Allen went through life with his eyes open. Nothing escaped him, and, as his memory was always phenomenal, he possessed an extraordinary fund of information. His habit of interesting himself in everything and everybody, together with his constant play of wit and fancy, accounts for the unrivalled charm of his conversation. He could pass, with the greatest ease, from the simplest topics of everyday life to the most intricate questions of abstract thought. "He is the most entertaining man I ever met," said an American writer lately; "he made me feel that nothing was too common to be uninteresting." He had a passion for beauty, as is abundantly illustrated in his nature studies and other literary work, but was also manifested in the minor fields of artistic activity. Charming Mrs. Allen, who was very fond and very proud of her husband, used to say that if her dresses were beautiful—and no woman dressed more tastefully—it was because they were designed or selected by her husband.

A man of such varied talents, who found a genuine joy in life at every turn, and was of a kindly and sympathetic nature, was sure to be eagerly sought after. Enthusiastic himself, he aroused enthusiasm in others. It is well known that Grant Allen first brought more than one young author before the public eye. William Watson might still be looking for recognition if Grant Allen had not heralded his praises in a London monthly. Other writers, whom we may not name, but who are now known the world over, received from him substantial aid at the outset of their careers. His numerous friends were devotedly attached to him, and his intimate circle included men famous in every walk of life. Chief among these were Herbert Spencer,

Deepest and mightiest of our later seers,

as he calls him; George Meredith, the great novelist; Edward Clodd, the literary banker; Cotton, of the Academy, and Sir George Newnes, the London journalist. He was always proud to show a beautiful German microscope, which Darwin and his eminent co-workers once presented him in recognition of his services in popularizing science. "It has been my good fortune," he said a few years ago, "to be acquainted with every eminent man of science in England."

In his home life, Grant Allen was a most affectionate son and brother, the most devoted of husbands, the most loving of fathers. When "The Woman Who Did" appeared, the

(*Continued on page 13.*)

Greater Love Hath No Man

BY ... ADELINE SERGEANT

Author of "The Story of a Penitent Soul," "Jacobi's Wife," "Under False Pretences," "Great Mill-street Mystery," etc., etc.

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THEY said that he was dying, and he hoped that they were right. For the last 15 years he had suffered a kind of martyrdom, and it was a blessed thing that even martyrdom should end at last.

The workhouse nurse was very kind to him. She brought him broth and medicine at stated hours, and made him extra cups of tea; but, although he was scrupulously grateful, it fretted him a little when she came up to his bed; he felt that she must know his story and despise him for it, although she seemed so kind. On the whole, he would rather that she stayed away. He did not mind being alone. He could lie still and look at the whitewashed wall, or the glimpse of blue sky and green trees afforded by the window opposite his bed, and dream of the old days when he had been a deacon of the Independent Chapel in Easterby, and superintendent of the Sunday-school, and treasurer of the chapel funds, and half-a-hundred things besides. It was a long time ago, but he liked sometimes to think of it. Life had been happy and prosperous then; and James—the son for whom he had given up all that made life worth living—had been a little lad with curly hair, and eyes as blue as the summer skies.

He was an old man now, poor, broken-down, disgraced; but he thanked God in his heart that his life was nearly over, and that Jim had never known the truth.

Under his pillow were Jim's letters. They had been written in queer places—in a sailing ship, over a bush fire, from the bottom of a mine; but they were all affectionate and hopeful and light-hearted, and the joy of old Matthew Hornblower's heart. Now and then there was a word of penitence for past wildness and disobedience, which was more precious to him than all the rest. For it showed the father that his sacrifices had not been made in vain. He liked to think of his son now—the prosperous, even wealthy, farmer out in Australia, with wife and children, horses, cattle and lands—and he had a tender triumph in the thought that Jim's prosperity was, after all, his doing—the doing of the father who might years ago have blighted the son's life with a word—a word which he refused to speak.

As he thought of these things, with a faint smile on his withered lips, his mind passed by a natural transition to the circumstances of his own life. He saw himself shrinking for the first time from the eyes of his brother-deacons; he remembered the calling of that church meeting in which he had been solemnly deprived of his offices in the church; he recalled that most difficult hour of all, when Mr. Shillito, the minister, had visited him privately, and prayed with him, earnestly and gently, seeking to lead him to repentance. Ah, how hard it had been to resist! What a subtle temptation to counterfeit the contrition which he did not feel! And with what heartbreak did he realize, from bitter experience, that not one of his old friends trusted him, or stood up for him, or henceforth thought of him as anything but a convicted sinner, whom their charity alone had saved from public disgrace and punishment.

He could not blame them. Thinking over the matter, it seemed to him that they had been very kind. Grave, godly men, anxious to maintain an upright walk and conversation, had shown him mercy, and tried to convince him of the error of his ways. It was not their fault if they had broken his heart meanwhile.

His business fell away from that time forward. He had been a fairly successful corn dealer, with a good connection, at one time; but slowly and surely his trade passed into other hands; people seemed to shrink from dealing with him, and his receipts dwindled until he saved himself from bankruptcy only by relinquishing everything to his creditors. A small sum was returned to him, and he began life as a miller's man. Lately, however, he had done little but odd jobs; and now he was completely invalided and had been taken to the workhouse infirmary. It was a great downfall for him, and nobody could have felt it more keenly than old Matthew Hornblower.

Easterby Union, as it was then called, stood back from the high road, just outside the little town. It was a tall white building, standing in a pleasant garden, where there were velvet lawns, and bright flower beds, and blooming trees. I remember to this day the great white guelder roses—the snowball tree we used to call it—that overhung the gate. As children we used to look with awe upon the building, and wonder what lay behind the stone wall, and who cared for the guelder roses in the garden, but never dared to pick the snowballs, although they hung so temptingly beyond the iron gates.

The inmates lived at the back of the house, where there were stone yards and high walls, I believe, instead of green grass and snowball trees. But beyond these lay stretches of green meadow and an overarching sky. Matthew Hornblower was always thankful for that glimpse of green and blue.

He lay dreaming of old days until he became conscious of some unusual stir in the corridor outside his ward. Voices rose and fell, apparently in angry recrimination. The sound worried him, and he turned his eyes toward the door. The other occupants of the ward were for the most part in a semi-comatose state, proceeding from sleep or imbecility, and no nurse or attendant was in the room. But presently Nurse Leek returned, and with her a visitor—a man whom Matthew had not seen there before. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, bearded man—possibly the new doctor, thought Matthew—and he came straight up to Matthew Hornblower's bedside and stood there silent, as if he had not a word to say.

Old Mr. Hornblower, as he was generally called, in deference to his lost position, made an effort to be civil and grateful, as he was to all officials of the place.

"Good day, sir," he said, nodding his grey head.

"Father! Father! Don't you know me?"

Matthew sat up in bed and stared in blank alarm. The nurse tossed her head and muttered something. It was against her wish that James Hornblower should be allowed to make himself known to his old father.

"It's enough to kill the poor old gentleman," she grumbled, as she turned away.

The old man held out his trembling arms. He had not stirred so much for many days.

"Jim!" he said, hoarsely. "Jim! my boy! my boy!"

The bearded man's arms were around the gaunt white figure in a moment; the old grey head dropped on the broad shoulder like a child's. The nurse approached with a restorative, but Matthew waved her off; his son's presence was cordial enough for him.

"Oh, father, I never thought to find you here," said James Hornblower.

"It's all right, my son; I'm quite comfortable here. I've been foolish, no doubt—improvident for my old age. But it's nearly over now. I shall die happy now I've seen thee again."

"You're not going to die at all," said James, doggedly. "You're coming out of this place this very afternoon. I'd like to know how this came about, without my hearing."

"It's no matter, Jim. The bitterness is past."

"You said you were well-to-do, and had retired from business," said the son, in an accusing tone.

GREATER LOVE, ETC.--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.

"I have retired, Jim. I've no more to do."

"But what are your friends about to let you come here? Why did't they write to me?"

"Friends?" He echoed the word as if it had an unaccustomed sound to him.

"There were hosts of 'em when I was at home," said James. "There was old Shillito, the minister: you were hand and glove with him, you know. Why didn't he write? If I'd known for a moment that you were in need of anything, do you think I wouldn't have sent a big cheque?"

"I know you care for your old father, Jim." There was a wonderful pathos in the old man's tone.

"I should rather think so. It's a reflection on me not to have let me know how things were going. It's a disgrace to me. I shall tell old Shillito my mind when I see him."

"No, lad, no. Don't speak to Mr. Shillito about it. He did not know your address."

"He could have asked you for it. And there was Driffield, the other deacon; what was he about?" Matthew Hornblower seemed to have some difficulty in replying; and it was in a reluctant voice that he forced out the words:

"I ain't friends with him now, Jim. I've changed. I'm not even a church member."

"Eh, that's a queer start," said Jim. "It's recent, isn't it? You wrote me only two months ago that you had charge of the Sunday-school, and were head deacon, and I don't know what."

"So I was, Jim, so I was. But it was some time ago. Don't talk about it, unless you want to distress me, boy. I am too old now —too old—for any work."

It was a subterfuge, and he knew it. But how could he tell his son that he had been deposed in disgrace from the offices that he used to hold? Jim stared for a moment, and sat silent. He was much overwhelmed at the present state of things, and very angry to think that he had been kept in ignorance. And he was puzzled by the change in his father, and the absence of all his former friends.

In the days when James Hornblower was an idle, shiftless lad, his father had been a stern man, rigid in discipline, and strict beyond measure in his religious views. Behind the iron exterior, however, there lay a warmth of affection which the scapegrace had had the wit to discover and the heart to appreciate. He had behaved badly enough before he broke the bonds that held him to his home and flown to Australia, but in the bush he had repented him of his misdeeds, and remembered the love that had been silently lavished upon him. He came to return it now.

He laid his father back upon the pillow, and put his mouth close to the old man's ear.

"Father," he said, in a softer voice, and with some hesitation, "you—you got the money all right?"

The old man smiled a little; a singular brightness came into his eyes.

"Yes, Jim, yes. I got the money all right. Don't trouble yourself about that."

"It was £50, and the interest. I never spoke of it in a letter. I couldn't, somehow, although I sent it back; but I often thought—out there—that I'd like to hear you say, dad, that you forgive me."

"Yes, Jim, my boy. And God bless you."

"That's all right, then. I'm glad to have said it—after all these years. Father, I quite thought you could afford it. I hope it wasn't that loss which helped to cripple you?"

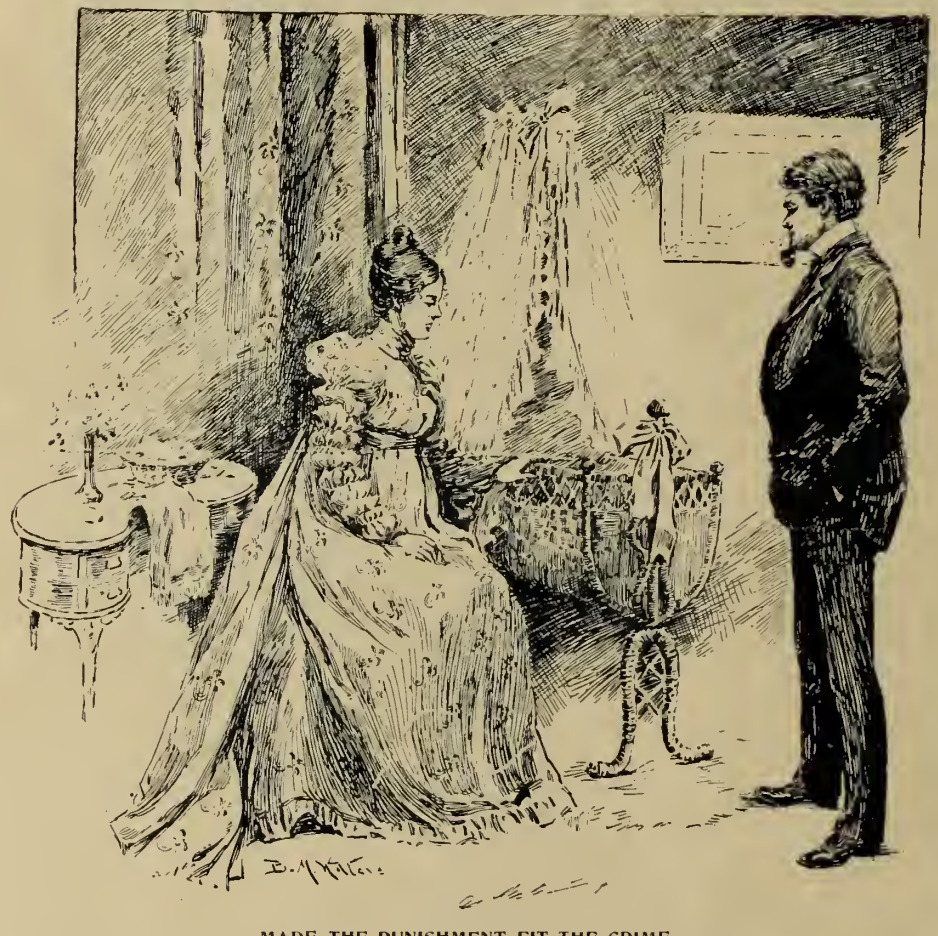
"It was all right, Jim; you paid it back."

Jim drew a long breath. Something in his father's manner had made him more ashamed than he had ever thought to be.

The nurse interposed. Mr. Hornblower must not be disturbed or excited any more, she said. So Jim went forth to find the authorities of the place, and to arrange in his imperious way for his father's immediate removal to the best inn of the place. He passed Driffield's office, and longed to go in and "speak his mind" to the man who could not save an old friend from the workhouse; but he put the visit off to another day, because he was too busy. And it was fortunate that he did.

He came back to the workhouse later in the evening. He was informed that Mr. Hornblower had sent for the minister. Jim wondered why. He supposed that it was to tell him that his son had at last returned.

His face relaxed into a grim smile, as he stole into the ward. A screen had been placed at the foot of the bed, out of



MADE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.

"I was terribly shocked this noon. Little Willie came in and said it was '——' cold."
"What did his father do?"
"Warmed him."

respect to James Hornblower's respectability rather than for any need of shelter. He had no qualm about listening; he expected to hear a pæan of exultation from his father's lips, and congratulating speeches from those of Mr. Shillito. He had known Mr. Shillito and liked him in the days of old.

He listened. Gradully the smile forsook his lips.

What was the minister saying? And why those warning tones?

"I fear, Mr. Hornblower," he said, "that your request savors of carnal pride, and a desire to escape from the penalty which God doth always exact for sin."

Mr. Shillito had a naturally gentle voice; but it is wonderful how stern a gentle voice can be sometimes. Jim's heart swelled within him; what did the old man mean?

"I sympathize as any man that is a father can sympathize with your desire to keep him in ignorance of your fall; but my poor friend, I'm in a painful position when you ask me to do so. I will never force the facts upon him, but, if questioned, I fear I must reply."

Matthew Hornbower had laid silent, but now he groaned, as if in bodily pain. Mr. Shillito's voice grew gentler, and he pressed closer to the bed.

"During all these years, Matthew Hornblower," he said, "since the day when you acknowledged the crime of which you had been guilty, I have never heard a word of penitence or contrition from your lips. We had hoped that you would ask to be reinstalled as a church member, and on sign of repentance we would have welcomed you again—ay, with joy, even as the angels do rejoice over one sinner that repenteth. Let me implore you to speak, even now, and to ask for God's forgiveness. You will surely not die in this awful state of hardness and impenitence."

The screen was roughly cast aside. James Hornblower's face appeared, crimson with wrath and pride.

"Why do you insult my father in this way? He, the most upright and honorable of men! What do you mean?"

Matthew lifted up his wrinkled hands.

"For God's sake, Shillito, do not tell my boy!"

"I must know," said the younger man, setting his lips. His clenched hands and frowning brow might have struck terror to the heart of a timid man, but the minister of Salem Chapel, Easterby, was not timid, in spite of his usual gentleness. He faced James Hornblower undauntedly.

"I am grieved," he said, "to have been the means of introducing a discussion of this kind. I will refer you to Mr. Driffield, one of our deacons, and treasurer of the chapel funds. He can answer all questions better than I can."

"I will hear it from you, not from Driffield," said Jim. "What do you accuse my father of having done?"

"It is no mere accusation," said the minister, in a nettled tone. "He avowed it—confessed it before the church. Led away by great temptation, in a time of pecuniary difficulty, he appropriated, to his own use, a sum of money for the chapel which had been placed in his charge. We should never have believed it, but for his own confession—never."

James Hornblower's features had changed from crimson to a livid grey. His jaw dropped, his eyes were fixed upon his father's quivering face, down which the slow tears of age had begun to fall.

"A sum of money! How much? When? Tell me the details, quick."

"It was 15 years ago this month; just about the time when you left home, James. It was always thought probable that you knew something of the matter, and would not wait to see your father's sad disgrace. It was a sum of £50——"

"Done up in a leather bag ready to go to the bank. I know. And father—father said——"

"He said he used it," said Mr. Shillito, sadly. "He could not refund it when called upon to do so; but I am glad to say that years afterwards he paid us the amount in full, with interest and compound interest. We did not prosecute, of course."

"And you believed him? You turned him out of the church for this?"

"Jim, by boy, be silent; it is all over now."

"He was deacon and superintendent and head man at your chapel when I went away. You turned him out?"

"It was impossible that he should continue to hold those positions," said the minister, rather firmly. Jim's loud voice and unabashed front took him by surprise.

"What a set of fools you must be!" exclaimed the man from the bush, "not to know him better than that! Why, father, what was the good of it? It wouldn't have hurt me for all the world to know that I took it!"

"You took it?" gasped the minister.

"I took it. I thought it was my father's money, and that he'd never miss it. I sent it back to him afterwards, and had no idea but what it had been all right, though it was a mean trick to walk off with the money without his consent. But I thought I knew my father—and—and—I didn't, after all."

He dropped down into the nearest chair and hid his face in his hands. A mighty sob heaved his broad shoulders, and his father lay and looked at him with a mingling of love, shame and pity, which was heavenly in its perfect peace. The minister stood up, and positively gasped for breath.

"I couldn't ha' made 'em understand," said Hornblower presently, in a soft and placid voice. "They'd ha' called him a thief, and not seen that he was only borrowing off his father—as he thought. They would have prosecuted, maybe, and that would have spoiled his career. You see, Mr. Shillito, how well he's done for himself. Was it for me to put hindrance in his way?"

"But, my poor friend," said Mr. Shillito, almost unable to speak, and taking the old man's nerveless hand in his, "you need not have sacrificed yourself."

"There seemed no other way," said Matthew. "It was a question of him or me. Nobody else could ha' comed at the money. And it was better to be me, though it went against me, Mr. Shillito, to tell the lie—it did, indeed. I never told a lie before nor since, so far as I can recollect. That was why I could never profess the penitence you sought to arouse in me. But now I do sore repent the lie I told, and I trust the Lord will pardon me for it, considerin' the circumstances of the case. It seems to me He must ha' forgiven me, now that I see my boy standing at my bedside again."

"I don't care who knows the truth," said Jim, standing up and speaking firmly. "Mr. Shillito, you'll see to it. My father's name's got to be cleared at any cost. I'll go to prison if you like——"

"No, no, there will be no occasion," said the minister. "Your father shall be honored as he deserves, be sure of that. Hornblower, my dear, dear old friend, can you forgive me?"

Hornblower smiled and put out his hand.

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," he murmured, using words that had often been in his heart during the last few days and weeks.

"You shan't depart?" roared Jim, almost beside himself with grief and something not unlike a kind of rage. "You're going to live, and show everybody what a hero and saint you've been; you've got to live for other people's sake—for mine most of all. How can I bear my life, father, if you die? You must live!"

And he did live. The stimulus of his son's presence helped him to struggle back to a fair measure of health and strength, sufficient at least to enable him to resume once more his old duties as chief office bearer in the church. He was unanimously elected to all his former offices, and knew once more the joy of being deacon and Sunday-school superintendent and treasurer of the chapel fund. And after a few months he went with his son to Australia, where we heard some years later that his end—a quiet and peaceful one—had come.

Perhaps the fullest compensation for all his sacrifices was made him when, at the weekly prayer meeting at Salem Chapel, in a hush of stilled expectancy, the minister would rise in his place and say, with a certain insistence in his tone:

"Our dear brother, Deacon Hornblower, will now conduct in prayer."

After 15 years of silence, compensation indeed—yet who could give him back those 15 empty years?

Of and for Women

THE desire for straight, unbroken lines in women's gowns, writes a well-known woman sojourning in Paris, has extended so far that there is a discussion concerning the advisability of discarding stays. This fact was mentioned some time ago in these columns, but now several dressmakers are advertising "gowns without stays." Paris couturieres are autocrats in regard to the corsets worn by their clients, and it is no uncommon occurrence to have a dressmaker refuse to fit a gown unless the corsets are changed. These "gowns without stays" are cut on peculiar lines, and give an appearance that is extremely graceful. Several seen at the theatres lately were of this variety, and they certainly created a deal of attention. A well-known Paris beauty in a box at a vaudeville performance seemed to be simply wrapped about with folds of pink embroidered crepe. The gown was cut in a deep V back and front, and edged with some dark red trimming. This rather startling decolletage was filled in with palest pink gauze, and the pointed effect naturally added to the long lines of the costume.

* * *

MRS. HAZEN, who was recently married to Admiral Dewey, is a small person, rather inclined to plumpness, with large blue eyes, fringed with black lashes, which are singularly expressive; a complexion as fresh and fair as a debutante's, and dark hair, which waves back from her truly handsome face, and which, as yet, shows no trace of grey. Quick at repartee, with much magnetism and vivacity of manner, Mrs. Dewey makes an ideal hostess. She dresses, too, in excellent taste, and her carriages have always been noted as among the most elegant in Washington, which is a city of magnificent turnouts. For the last few years Mrs. Dewey, who has been in mourning for her only son, has resided with her mother, Mrs. Washington McLean, between whom and her youngest daughter, there exists a comradeship that is as rare as it is lovely.

* * *

THE housekeeper who collects receipes would do well to add to her collection a dainty dish which can be made from butternuts or Brazilian nuts. Butternuts being difficult to get, the Brazilians will serve as a substitute. After blanching them, add to each cupful of nuts a tablespoonful of salad oil, let them stand a half hour and sprinkle with salt and cayenne pepper. When the whole has been mixed, put in the oven until brown.

* * *

THE greatest interest has always been felt in young Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, whose charming character has made her loved by all those who have the honor of knowing her. The question as to who would be her Prince Consort has been constantly discussed, ever since the Queen was quite a little child, and almost every suitable prince in Europe has been mentioned in turn as the favorite suitor. Naturally the Dutch nation were anxious to see their Queen married to a Prince who is descended from the famous house of Orange. There are no less than seven Princes, of a marriageable age, with this qualification, and for the last few years everyone has been busy in deciding which of the seven would be the favored man. The news that Her Majesty has decided in favor of Prince Wilhelm of Wied lacks confirmation. Information from well-informed circles is to the effect that the young Queen has said, referring to her much discussed matrimonial prospects, that she desires to enjoy her youth and freedom during the first years of her reign, before she thinks of marriage. According to this authority, Prince Wilhelm of Wied, if he asks for the Queen's hand, is considered to have the best chance for a favorable answer. The Prince is now about 23 years old, of a fine, large figure, and creates a particularly favorable impression in his full dress uniform of an officer in the Prussian Gard du Corps.

* * *

JEAN BLEWETT.

JEAN BLEWETT, the Canadian poetess, is better known by her writings in prose and verse to readers in the United States than in her own country. But she has countless warm admirers near her old home at Blenheim, Ont., and the other day, when Mr. and Mrs. Blewett left the place to live in Toronto, a tribute off affection not usual with the undemonstrative folk of our rural parts was bestowed upon her. A public banquet was held in her honor, and the Minister of Justice, Hon. D. Mills, who proposed the toast to her health, spoke of the purity and lovableness of character which distinguish this clever woman and which are reflected in her writings. Mrs. Blewett is the daughter of Scottish parents, and is married to an Englishman. A volume of her poems was published last year by Morang.

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WHEN it is desired to designate a woman as a person of culture, the custom of the average speaker is to say of her that she speaks several foreign languages. What the linguist is capable of saying in any of the languages, native and alien, that she can express herself in, is never noted. The mark of mental superiority, be it observed, is held to be mere acquaintance with alien vernaculars. That ignorant couriers show an amazing facility for assimilating a speaking vocabulary in many tongues—being usually much more proficient in this regard than the "cultured woman"—is a fact not considered, partly because it is not generally known, and partly because it is not regarded as having any bearing on the case. What there is to commend in a person's being an ignoramus in several languages is not apparent, but somehow the popular fancy regards it as more praiseworthy and a greater achievement than to be an ignoramus in one's own vernacular only.

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MME. SARAH GRAND, in discussing the rather silly question, "Does marriage hinder a woman's self-development," takes the ground that "when a woman has made the best of her wits as a girl, and is independent, she not only makes the best wife for a man, but he finds himself forced to adopt an attitude of respect towards her, he discovers that he has a real and charming companion in the house, he feels a pride in his marriage, and he does his utmost to secure for the woman every advantage that shall aid in her further development. If a woman be married to a right-minded man, then marriage will not hinder self-development."

GERALDINE.

BOOKS, ETC.—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.

author's friends were much amused by some of the critics, who ventured the explanation that his domestic relations were probably unhappy. Before death visited it, there was no happier home in all England than "The Croft," and in constructing his story to illustrate a theory, which, after all, was held in a merely academic fashion, the author must often have contrasted his own domestic bliss with the blighted lives of the many, who, notwithstanding sacramental forms, are, with society's approval, bought and sold for gold into a loveless and therefore wicked life-union.

However, in even questioning the sanctity of the marriage-institution, Grant Allen was but offering a fresh illustration of the spirit to which the sober Anglo-Saxon mind is stoutly opposed, but to which the vivacious Keltic is more closely allied. He was by nature (and remember that the term is not always one of reproach) a thoroughgoing rebel. Very appropriate on his lips is the following sentiment embodied in a poem, which, in June, 1896, he read, amid loud applause, at the annual banquet of the Omar Khayyam club in London:

A rebel our Shelley! a rebel our Mage!
That brotherly link shall suffice us;
'Tis in vain that the zealots, oh! Prophet and Sage,
From his creed—and from thine—would entice us.
We seek not to stray from the path that ye trod;
We seek but to widen its border;
If systems that be are the order of God,
Revolt is a part of the order.

To illustrate. In the various spheres of thought we find him, I will not say on the wrong side, but on the side opposed to that where his early surroundings would have led us to place him. Though connected by birth with families of distinction and nobility, he prided himself on his democratic and radical proclivities. Though his father is an ardent Unionist, he himself was a Home-ruler. Though a university man, an Oxford graduate, he advised young Americans not to spend their means and their best years within college halls. Though steeped in classical learning, to which many of his admirers attribute his beautifully smooth and lucid style, he advocated the rejection of Latin and Greek from our curriculum of higher education; though his father and many of his warmest friends were clergymen, he gave his adherence to no church; though trained in the school of Plato, he was a materialist; though a disciple of Herbert Spencer, he broke loose from individualism and joined the ranks of the Fabians. In physics he advocated a new theory of force and energy; in education he deprecated the movement to Germanize science; in ethnology he labored to prove, despite Freeman, that Britain was more Keltic than Saxon; in sociology he was ready to question the raison d'etre of any institution, however venerable.

But what a delightful world this would be, if all our social rebels were as enlightened and as amiable as he! He had many critics but no personal enemies. Some of his best friends were men who disagreed with him on many of the most important questions of life.

Grant Allen's literary success was largely due to his power of concentrating thought, and to the graceful facility with which he wrote. Like Sir Walter Scott, he wrote as he spoke, and page after page of his neatly-written manuscripts shows not a single correction and not a single error. It was no uncommon thing for him to write a 20-page magazine article at a sitting, or to finish off a three-volume novel within a month. Such was the history of "What's Bred in the Bone," which won Tit-Bits' prize of £1,000. His capacity for work was prodigious. His publications, of every kind, including books, magazine articles, and reviews, must aggregate several hundred, but this is in keeping with the energy and enthusiasm with which he threw himself into everything he undertook.

But if he knew how to work, he also knew how to play. He loved social life, and was never happier than when his house was filled with friends. Never strong physically, he could not engage in the more active amusements of men, but, like his friend, Andrew Lang, he was an ardent disciple of Isaac Walton's; loved to row upon the Thames, and, when at home, seldom missed a daily tramp or a spin on the bicycle with his nearest neighbor, Conan Doyle.

Canada may well be proud of such a son. If our writers are to ascend above the dead level of mediocrity, let them, like Grant Allan, eschew provincialism, be earnest students of life, show a manly independence of thought, and possess the courage of their convictions. F.

THE SCOTTISH CHARACTER.

MR. A. WILSON, M.A., speaking at a Scot celebration at Dunedin, New Zealand, said: "Some say that the Scotch were called into existence by special fiat. That view is hardly tenable, I think; but how did we come to be a peculiar people? Good oatmeal makes good muscle, good muscle makes a man qualified to strike hard blows, and hard blows make Bannockburns. But I doubt whether this explains it all. You might catch an Englishman young, and feed him on oatmeal all his life—feed him, if you like, on Athol brose—and you will never turn him out even a passable Scot. He would not be canny enough, or metaphysical enough, or quick enough to see a joke, or donce enough, or pawky enough, or modest enough, and he would lack a hundred other things that go to make up the ideal Scotchman. The man thus produced would never win a Bannockburn, though he might win a Waterloo with the help of a Scotch brigade and an Irish commander. Clearly we want something more than oatmeal to account for all the differences. There are certainly two things, at any rate, that go to make up the Scottish character—plain living and high thinking. Scotland is Scotland by virtue of her religion, and Puritanism I take to be the keynote of the Scottish character."

A SONG OF THEE.

THERE is a tune the brooklet sings
In lilting glee.
The ripples, gleams, and sunny flings,
Tell me of thee.
Like tones that swell thine own white throat
So cheerily,
Thy laugh is voiced in every note
It brings to me.

There is a song the pine-bough sings
When near the sea.
Its sad æolian cadence brings
A wish for thee;
Its sobbing breath stirs in my heart
Most yearningly,
A wish that we may never part,
My love and me.

There is a psalm the night-winds chant
In harmony.
It tells, that God my prayer will grant,
Will give me, thee.
It raises me height upon height,
For thou'rt with me,
And draws transcendent hope to light
My ecstasy.

ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE.

Montreal.

Men and Women of the Hour

PRECEDING ARTICLES.—Major Girouard, September 15; Hon. Wm. Mulock, September 22; His Lordship Bishop Bond, September 29; Mr. W. J. Gage and Mr. Louis Herbette, October 6; Hon. Jas. Sutherland, October 13; Mr. Chas. R. Hosmer, October 20; Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denison, October 27; Principal Grant, November 3; Professor Goldwin Smith, November 10.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

A BETTER choice for president of St. Andrew's Society than Dr. James Stewart could not have been made. As his countenance proclaims, the Keltic character predominates in Dr. Stewart, and a more enthusiastic man in matters pertaining to the social interests of Scotia's sons could not easily be found. Nevertheless, the doctor is not a Scotchman, but a Canadian, by birth, his native place being Osgoode, Russell county.

Though truly eminent in his profession, his modesty is one

DR. JAMES STEWART.

of his most pronounced characteristics. "Dr. Stewart's standing as a practitioner, particularly in the department of medicine, as distinguished from surgery, is to-day at least as high as that of any medical man in Canada," said a gentleman qualified to speak. "His position, in this respect, is precisely analogous, with reference to the Province of Quebec, to the position of the late Dr. J. E. Graham, with reference to the Province of Ontario." Yet, one would never imagine, in chatting with Dr. Stewart, that he is a man with some title to fame. "Absolutely devoted to his profession," are the words in which a brother physician sums him up.

The story of Dr. Stewart's career as a medical man may be briefly told. After graduating M.D. from McGill University 30 years ago, he continued his studies at Edinburgh, Vienna and Berlin, taking a number of post-graduate degrees. Returning to Canada, he settled down in the little village of Brucefield, Ont., but the sphere was too small for a man of Dr. Stewart's possibilities, and he wisely decided to remove to a city, and returned to Montreal. His faith in his own future has been splendidly justified. From 1883, for eight years, he occupied the chair of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in McGill University, and since then has been Professor of Medicine and Clinical Medicine. On the opening of the Royal Victoria Hospital, he was appointed physician to the institution. He was an honorary president of the section on Medicine at the Second Pan-American Medical Congress, held in the city of Mexico three years ago, and is a member of the board of trustees of the sanitarium for consumptives established at Gravenhurst, through the liberality of Mr. W. J. Gage, who was the subject of a sketch in this column a few weeks ago. Dr. Stewart holds, and has held, a large number of other honorary positions awarded by his fellow doctors, and has written much on medical science. His specialty, it is hardly necessary to mention, is nervous diseases.

Dr. Stewart will be 52 years old on November 19. He was elected vice-president of the St. Andrew's Society two years ago, and his elevation to the presidency this year was a popular and deserved honor.

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

PERHAPS the most remarkable circumstance in connection with Mr. Chamberlain's recent three hours' speech was its delivery without the slightest recourse to water or any other liquid refreshment. The Colonial Secretary's throat apparently never needs lubricating. Mr. Gladstone's bottle of egg flip was an institution in former days, and a similar bottle containing liquid of the same color continues to make an occasional appearance when Mr. Goschen has to submit a long Admiralty statement. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach resorts to no disguise, but openly places a glass of wine on the table when he makes his budget speeches. Even Mr. Chamberlain has his human points, however. Black and White publishes an excellent new portrait of him. He is seated at his writing-table, and among its conspicuous ornaments are no fewer than four pipes. Mr. Chamberlain is extending his reading. He no longer relies exclusively on Dickens for his quotations, and the other day he actually quoted Goethe. Two front bench men developed a sudden and amused interest in this new departure of Mr. Chamberlain's. They were Mr. John Morley and Mr. Arthur Balfour.

* * *

WHEN George Brown Burgen, Jerome K. Jerome's assistant on the staff of The Idler, was married, a few years ago, to one of the prettiest and wealthiest Quakeresses in London, at the old meeting-house at Bishopsgate, the attendance was large. Besides the friends of the bride, there was the Jerome circle of literary men; "The Idler," himself; Capt. Patmore, Robert Barr, Rideal, Nettleship, the painter, and a lot of other men high in official life, whom the groom had met during his three years' residence in Constantinople, where he was secretary to the late Valentine Baker. It was a great wedding, and the record bore the names of more witnesses than any other that that little church had ever known. The witnesses had nothing else to do but to write their names. It was a diversion they looked forward to, for the ceremony, preceded by extempore and inspirational prayers, consumed four long hours. And it was a forenoon wedding, on a hot day, and the church was crowded. Toward the close of the ceremonies Mr. Barr, lately of Detroit, remarked feelingly to his nearest neighbor as he glanced at his watch: "Four hours! Bless me! Why, out West, in my country, a couple could easily get married and be divorced in half that time."

* * *

LADY MARJORIE GORDON, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, will make her debut this autumn, and a garden party will be given at Haddo House, Scotland, to introduce her to the world. Lady Marjorie has literary tastes, as most Canadians are aware. When she was only eleven she issued a half-penny magazine, called "Wee Willie Winkle." It was printed in Dingwall, and all the staff of this tiny sheet, which was six inches by four, consisted of children. A good deal of talent was shown in the selection of material and in its arrangement.

Points for Investors

THE New York monetary situation has exerted a powerful influence on the local financial and speculative community for weeks past, and it still continues to do so, the advance in call loans here this week to 6 per cent. being a reflection of the extraordinary conditions prevailing in Wall street. The unusual position of funds at that great centre is demonstrating, in a most forcible manner, the archaic system under which the United States Treasury works. An exceptional activity in business, which requires a largely increased supply of capital with which to carry on operations, has to meet the competition of the United States Treasury, which is drawing a constant stream of active capital into its vaults, where it must, seemingly, remain idle until conditions favor a nearer equality between revenue and expenditure, unless the Washington authorities see fit to adopt some extraordinary expedient which will return a part of the immense idle surplus to active channels of commerce, where it is badly needed. Never was the necessity for a more elastic system of currency in the United States more forcibly shown than at present. But, though the subject of Treasury intervention has been widely discussed by financiers, the suggestion has received little encouragement from the Treasury officials. Aside, however, from this possibility, the outlook is more favorable, in that interior demands upon New York have perceptibly slackened, though there is yet no sign of the return movement usual at this period of the year. Another encouraging circumstance was the sharp decline in sterling exchange at New York, showing that it has power over the European markets at a time when they are bidding most strongly for outside relief. Therefore, while it is unlikely that New York will be able to attract any gold from abroad, it is equally unlikely that the Europeans, for the time being, will be able to cause any withdrawal of capital from this side.

Naturally, the raid on values at New York by the bears, made easy by the monetary conditions, was followed to a modified degree here. It is worthy of remark, however, that there was no pressure to sell as a consequence of the decline, any important liquidation that did result being confined to the purely speculative issues. A striking exception to the general heaviness, was the course of Commercial Cable. There was demand both for the stock and bonds of this company—about $50,000 worth of the coupon bonds changing hands at 103, being bought on New York account; while the stock, on a very limited volume of trading, advanced from 189½ to 194½. The secret of this demand came out on Saturday last, in the shape of an announcement of a special meeting on December 4, to vote on an increase in the capital stock from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000. Of the new issue, $3,333,333 is to be offered to present shareholders at par, this being at the rate of one share in three of the present holdings. The new stock is to be paid up 25 per cent. January 20, 25 per cent. February 20, and 50 per cent. March 20, will carry dividends from January 1, and will thus be entitled to quarterly dividend payment April I. The increase in capital is to be devoted to the laying of another cable, necessitated by the enormous increase in the company's business. The record of this property has certainly been successful. It is understood that the earnings for the current year show considerable augmentation over 1898, which, in turn, showed a large increase over 1897. Even on last year's showing the company could earn nearly 10 per cent. on the new capital of $13,333,333. During the last ten years the company has earned $5,000,000 more than it has paid out in dividends. R.

THE mining market is more or less irregular and the higher-priced stocks are weak. Payne has lost the advance it made and is back in the neighborhood of $1.10. War Eagle is down 10 points, and at the present moment is weak, on account of the circular just issued adjourning the annual meeting for three months. The reason given does not appear to find favor with the public, but anyone who has recently seen the mine, can easily account for the superintendent's inability to make this report. The machinery has been in an unsatisfactory state all summer, and it is only within the last two weeks that the output has been any way near the capacity of the hoist. Besides this, the whole workings are of such an extensive nature that, with the daily calls upon him for the details of management, it is by no means an easy task to give a report as fully as shareholders usually demand. In Republic and Virtue there has been comparatively little doing. Montreal and London is a little off and so is Big Three, the weakness of the latter being due, it is said, to the delay in issuing its annual report. On the other hand, the lower-priced stocks that are at all active show an advance. Canadian Gold Fields Syndicate keeps strong, on the report that the new deal is about completed. Monte Christo has jumped up, and come into considerable demand, on the satisfactory arrangement made by the company with the Trail Smelter for the treatment of its ores, and certainly if this stock was worth 30 when it could not market its ores, it is worth more now that it is making a profit on them. The announcement of the dividend on Rambler Cariboo has had no effect on the price of the stock; the general opinion here is that it is being manipulated, and the public keeps shy of it. Deer Trail maintains the same price, and would no doubt be higher had the public more confidence in the management; for, as an investment, it is by far the cheapest stock in the market.

The shipments of ore from Rossland for the past week were 5,500 tons and the War Eagle heads the list with over 2,200 tons. News has come from Vancouver that the Noble Five Company is to be wiped out and a new one formed. It is reported that the company owes something like $150,000, but, as the stock holds in the neighborhood of 20 cents, it would appear as if the old stockholders are to receive generous treatment from the creditor.

Taking the market as a whole, the situation is by no means bearish. Prices are depressed owing to local conditions, and not from any unfavorable news from the mines. We are hourly nearing the time of settlement of the labor condition, and the fame of British Columbia is becoming wider every day. For those who are willing to buy and wait, the present opportunity appears to be a good one, but there is no boom in sight, and when it does come the advance will be sudden and stocks that have been held through the depressed times will not come out unless at a considerable profit.

Montreal, November 15. ROBERT MEREDITH.

THE REASON.

"NOW that you are about to marry," remarked the fond mamma to her only daughter, it behooves me to speak plainly. You have had your own way all your life, but that must end."

"Why, mamma," exclaimed the prospective bride, "George will let me do just as I please!"

"Bother George!" retorted the fond mamma; "I'm thinking that you will have to have a cook."

Wireless telegraphy, horseless carriages, and chainless bicycles are all very well in their way; but what the world really yearns for is a noiseless baby.

An Engagement

By Sir Robt. Peel, Bart.

(concluded)

When he joined her, she was standing on the hearth—rather a desolate figure in the big room, it struck him all at once. She did not respond to his smile of inquiry; obviously she was disturbed. Had something happened?

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Is anything wrong?"

"Arnold," she said, "I have something to say to you,—something I owe to you and to myself—and to Miss Carstairs."

"To Miss Carstairs?" he echoed.

She nodded. "I don't want you to think badly of me," she said, "and what I have to tell you may make you do so; but you would have more right still if I did not speak—if I were a coward."

Her lips trembled, and he looked at her with dismay.

"Kate," said Hopetoun, "you are talking mysteriously, uncomfortably, child. What's it all about? You may be sure I shan't 'think badly' of you—that's all nonsense."

"Don't be so certain! Arnold, you remember when I went to Miss Carstairs, and didn't tell you?"

"I remember," he answered. "Well?"

"I didn't tell you because I did not like her. I am anxious not to say anything in her disparagement, but in justice to myself—to make my explanation clear—I must say that I found her ungracious, that it did not seem to me she cared for you as much as she did for herself. She—she got on my nerves."

"I suspected it," said Hopetoun.

"Yes? When I left her, I—I made a vow all to myself in the cab. I swore I would take you away from her."

"What!"

"I swore I would take you away from her—that things should happen just as they have! I've done it, and now I'm ashamed."

She stood looking at the carpet in silence. Hopetoun crossed over to her before he replied.

"Why?" he said. "Why?—what was your motive?"

She hesitated. "Say it was vanity if you like," she murmured, "or petty spite! What do you think of me?"

"I shall not say it was either," he said; "it is for you to say what it was. You do not wish me to believe you have only been playing with me—that you aren't really fond of me, Kate?"

She lifted her eyes and answered him.

"Dearest!" he exclaimed, "tell me something else. Were you fond of me the day you went to her?"

"Yes," said Kate, "I loved you with all my heart."

He clasped her to him. "You poor little soul," he cried, "and did you imagine that I was going to be horribly angry with you, and call you a 'traitress,' and all sorts of bad names? Why, you are crying? And for nothing, Kit, nothing!"

"You aren't angry with me? I am forgiven?"

"Forgiven!" laughed Hopetoun; "what is there to forgive? You went—you, caring for me—you went to Miss Carstairs to bring about my marriage with her, and you ask me if I 'forgive'? My darling, if she had been nice to you, and you had let me marry her, then I should have been angry with you indeed!"

"I have felt so guilty," she faltered; "I have been afraid you would think me so mean! She would, dear—any woman would—but if you don't yourself——"

His kisses silenced her, and he told her that to-morrow his engagement to Miss Carstairs, and all pertaining to Miss Carstairs, would be a thing of the past, a folly to be buried in oblivion.

"To-morrow," he said, "I shall make a clean breast of it, and we need never speak of her any more. After all, need we either of us feel ease for self-reproach, Kate? Since she cares for me so little, it will give her very little pain. If she loved me it would be another matter, though, even then, could I spoil two lives for the sake of one, and condemn you and me to be miserable in order to spare her? As things are, I don't see why we should be remorseful a bit."

Kate Fanshaw hesitated a long time.

"Arnold," she said, at last, "that was my idea too; this afternoon I, also, thought that! I thought that if you could answer me as you have, I should be satisfied to allow you to go to her, and break off your engagement. But I can't! I have been considering, and considering. I have made you love me. Whether I cared for you the day I saw her, or whether I didn't, the fact remains that you were not in love with me then. That has come since—since I determined to cheat her of you. Don't you see, dear—don't you see?"

"I see I love you now, at any rate," said Hopetoun, doggedly. "That is quite enough for me."

"No, it is not enough, not enough for you to break it off if she is unwilling. I am not a heroine, no Donna Quixote, but I see quite clearly that our duty is for you to ask her to release you, and no more. If she won't, you must marry her. You cannot break it off; you can only ask her to set you free."

"Oh, I am contented," cried Hopetoun. "What woman would insist on holding a man against his will? An adventuress, perhaps, but not——"

"I am not so sure," returned his cousin slowly. "Frankly—I may say it now, I do not like Miss Carstairs, and I have not a very high opinion of her. She may not be capable of any strong attachment, but she is the last girl likely to resign herself to being an old maid. Her chances of marriage are few, and you may be certain she realizes it. Indeed, I think it quite possible that, rather than lose you altogether, she would even be pleased to go out with you to Canada. When she sees you slipping through her fingers, she will display an amount of affection that will astonish you; and, if she does hold you to your word, Arnold, you must keep it."

"I can't," he declared.

"At least I should not marry you then," said Miss Fanshaw. "Come, promise me you will do as I beg?"

I would promise you anything you asked of me," he said, reluctantly.

And so it was decided.

But Hopetoun did not sleep that night, because of the new doubt that had been instilled into his mind. He would not, he could not, make Bella his wife—on that point he was determined; but Kate had said she would not marry him if his freedom were regained by force, and, therefore, it might be dust and ashes to him after all.

CHAPTER VIII.

The question harassed him until daylight stole into the room. Would Miss Carstairs refuse to release him or not? No, she could never be anything to him now; but of what avail the termination of his engagement to her if Kate was obdurate, and left him lonely! As a boat in a desert, a Rembrandt shown to a blind man, a Stradivarius lent to one who could not play! A precious possession with the necessary complement, but, without it, empty, futile, signifying nothing.

The more he pondered, the more he was convinced now that Bella would decline to take things easily. "She would even go to Canada rather than lose you altogether!" The words recurred to him impressively. He had a presentiment that his mission was going to fail, and the ominous sensation deepened when he rose.

Breakfast was tasteless to him. His train left the Deercourt station at eleven, and he spent the interval endeavoring to persuade Kate to reconsider her determination if the worst should happen, as they both feared; endeavoring to show her

that her duty was to marry him whatever the upshot of his errand might be.

She would not listen, or at any rate she would not heed.

"I have thought it all out," she said. "Remembering that the fault of the whole affair is mine, I can only be your wife if Miss Carstairs is satisfied to absolve you from your promise. My responsibility in the matter would be too odious otherwise! If you jilt her, if you throw her over, and absolutely tear your freedom from her, that is your responsibility—if you do it, you do it. I don't even go so far, if you are certain you could never be happy with her, as to say you would be wrong; only, I can't marry you under circumstances like these. I should feel myself utterly despicable if I did. I won't be made to despise myself any more, even for you. That is my last word, Arnold."

He pleaded long and earnestly. All the sophistry at his command, all the love he felt, were thrown into the arguments he adduced to demonstrate that she was acting romantically, but with a false sense of honor; but she kept firm.

"Go to town," she repeated, "and speak to her. If she consents, come back to me. If you fail, do not! I don't want to see you then—it would be bad for both of us. And remember, Arnold, you are speaking, as it were, for me—no pressure, a mere candid avowal that you have ceased to love her! I rely upon you."

They were hard instructions; he seemed predestined to failure indeed! He stepped into the train gloomily. The paper that he bought would not hold his attention for two minutes; his cigar was nauseous to him. When he arrived he went into the buffet at Euston, and had a brandy-and-soda, with a double allowance of brandy. He felt better after that, but it chagrined him to reflect that the improvement would have evaporated before his hansom reached the house. He hailed one and told the man to drive rapidly. The sooner the damnable business was over, the sooner he would know where he was. At present his mind was in a whirl.

He lay back, staring out moodily at the streets as they drove along. It was raining, and the outlook was as depressing as his meditations. A nervousness such as he had never before experienced quivered through him as the cab turned into the road which was his destination, and when they stopped, and he got out and pulled the bell, he saw that his hand shook.

He was dismayed beyond words to learn that the ladies had not come back from the country yet. They were expected to-morrow, the little servant said. Yes, they had been looked for to-day, but their return had been put off. She would say he had called.

"Say I will come again to-morrow," he said. "What hour will they arrive, do you know?"

She understood that they would be home about 4 o'clock. He thanked her, and, stifling an oath of irritation, got back into the cab. He bade the man stop at the Swiss Cottage station, and from there he despatched a telegram to Deercourt:

"Not come back yet," he wired; "expected to-morrow. Of course, I shall remain in town to-night. Am telegraphing you lest you might take my silence to mean bad news.—Arnold."

After he had sent it, he drove to his rooms, and tried to make himself comfortable there. It was not a successful attempt. He knew the books on the shelves by heart, and he could not have managed to read if he had not. His cigar-case was empty, and he found that in his absence somebody had appropriated the few Havannas that ought to have remained in his box.

The rain was coming down still. What on earth should he do with himself? He might have stayed another day at Deercourt as things had turned out; he wished he had returned there instead of wiring. By Jove! why should he not do so now? Yes, he would be with Kate as much as he might while she still permitted it. Excellent idea! he would go back at once! Would that it had occurred to him earlier!

He caught the afternoon express, and walked in upon her where she was dreaming beside a window. The sun was shining at Deercourt; here everything was bright.

She welcomed him with a cry of astonishment—

"You!"

"I couldn't stand it," he explained. "After I had sent off your telegram I went to my place, and suffered an eternity of tediousness that lasted at least two hours. You know those eternities! Then this inspiration struck me, and here I am."

He dropped into a low chair, looking at her. Unconsciously he paid a tribute to Stephenson for having originated an invention that made possible so startling a change as the one he had just accomplished. The sunset reddened the room; tea was on the table; Kate was gazing at him with eyes of love. And a while ago he had been 50 miles hence, watching the mud and the rain through the blurred window of his London diggings.

"You did not expect me?" he said.

"Indeed, no. I even posted on some letters that came for you after you left. Arnold, I have missed you horribly!"

She made the confession deliciously, and it was the sweeter because he knew she felt she had no right to say it.

"I have been imagining all sorts of things," she went on. "I was so glad to get your message—it was thoughtful of you, dear! And then I wondered what you would do with yourself all day. I hoped you would go to a theatre in the evening, or your club; I didn't want you to be lonely, because——"

"Because?"

"Because I was being lonely enough for both of us."

"Tell me," he said, "all you have done."

"First I pictured you traveling up, and looked at the time-table so that I could know exactly when you would arrive. I knew you would go to Hampstead at once, and, while we were at lunch, I was imagining you in a hansom driving through the dusty streets."

"It was raining in town," said Hopetoun.

"One's fancy pictures are always wrong—isn't it vexing! Well, never mind that! When we began the fruit, I imagined you were just reaching the house, and I nearly swallowed a cherry-stone with nervousness. After that, of course, I couldn't know anything for certain, but I went out into the garden, and imagined, and imagined, and imagined—oh, a hundred different interviews I imagined! And then your wire came, and I was glad and disappointed both together. And then you came—and I was only glad!"

She had never been more tender, more delightful to him than in this unanticipated prolongation of their suspense. He had, as it were, fallen from the clouds to her this afternoon, and her resolution went down before her surprise. It might be their last day—how could she be charming enough! He congratulated himself, not once, but a thousand times, on his return. He felt that, whatever happened, he had wrested one extra day's happiness from Fate, and he was in the highest spirits at dinner, like a man who might be joking on the eve of his execution. "I feel," he said to Kate, "like one of Mark Twain's passengers in the train that won't start—it was Mark Twain, wasn't it? You remember, everybody says "good-bye" affectionately to them, and waits by the window to see them go. But something happens, and there's a delay. Then the guard whistles again, and there are more embraces and farewells. But a second hitch occurs, and so on. And when at last that train does make a move, there is no eclat at all; all the excitement has evaporated in the false alarms. When I go on my mission to-morrow, I shall be in the position of one of those passengers. You will no longer jeopardize your existence on my account with cherry-stones."

She smiled. "I think I shall be quite as anxious," she said, "quite! What time do you leave?"

"They are not expected till 4, so I need not go so early. Will you give me some music to-night, Kate?"

She sang to him as he begged, and Drillingham came in to listen. He always liked to hear her singing; it reminded him

AN ENGAGEMENT--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.

of one of the women whom he had nearly married—an ideal that had never been destroyed. Hopetoun loved to hear her too, for her voice said much to him that she had never yet trusted herself to speak. When he reflected that his possession of her hung upon another woman's word, his impotence to affect his own destiny frenzied him. It maddened him to feel that, loving her as he did, she could still be nothing to him unless Miss Carstairs were complaisant. Almost in moments he was inclined to assert that his cousin reciprocated his passion poorly, since she was content to let their happiness hang upon so slender a hair; but he knew that this was really unjust, and that, though she might be behaving quixotically, the last charge that could be laid at her door was that of insincerity.

If he could have fought for her, he would have won her. If he could have worked for her—with his brains or his hands—he felt he would have won her. But he could do nothing at all; he could only hope. Inactivity is the hardest thing for a man to bear, and that was what Arnold Hopetoun was condemned to. He was like a spectator of a game of cards, who is also the stake for which the game is played. His deepest interests were involved, and yet he could only watch. If the cards went the wrong way, it was he who suffered. But he could not touch them; they were already dealt. The simile is imperfect, because in this case he had been originally concerned in the dealing, but then he overlooked that fact himself, and his emotions were as acute as if the comparison were exact.

CHAPTER IX.

He landed at the Euston platform at something past 5 on the following afternoon, and drove, as on the previous day, straight to the Hampstead house. A clock in the vicinity struck 6 as he mounted the steps; he had thus given the ladies time to refresh themselves after the fatigue of their journey. Doubtless they would be prepared to see him.

"Mrs. Carstairs—they are in?"

"No, sir. They are not coming to-day."

"What?" he exclaimed angrily. "Do you mean to say their return is postponed again?"

"Yes, sir. They have not come back."

Hopetoun stared at the little servant's vacuous face with resentment. Really, there was an element of the ridiculous in this repeated balk, and he was in a mood when to feel ridiculous is abnormally galling.

"And when," he inquired, "will they be back?"

"I can't say, sir. Would you leave any message?"

"No," he said; "no, never mind—I will write."

He turned away in a villainous temper. This meant he must remain in town indefinitely; to run back to Deercourt a second time would be too absurd. He said as much in the wire he sent again from the Swiss Cottage:

"Still away," he telegraphed, "most irritating. Shall stay till I see them, now. I feel a perfect fool as it is."

He told the man to drive him to his club, where he ordered a cutlet and a pint of claret, and made a pretence of dining. Through the windows he saw on a passing omnibus an advertisement of a new comedy that everybody was talking about, and the glaring capitals reminded him that he had intended to see it.

He was not "dressed," but he could take a seat in the circle, he determined. It would be better than moping in the club, and staring at a lot of men's backs and the tops of the periodical covers. Better than going to a music-hall, and wondering why he always failed to perceive the universal favorites' humor.

So he went to the Empyrean, and saw "Bubbles." He did not enjoy the performance very much, but that was less "Bubbles'" fault than his own. He found himself following out his own trains of thought instead of attending to the dialogue, and he was not sorry when the fall of the curtain on the third act permitted him to make his way out of the hot and crowded theatre into the streets. Still, he had got rid of the evening; another couple of hours might make it possible for him to sleep when he "turned in!" The club was even more tedious than before. He threw himself into an armchair, and smoked disconsolately, speculating how long it would be before the momentous interview could be gained. There was nobody to whom he cared to talk in the room, and the clock lagged drearily. At length, on the principle of any change being better than none, he got up, and walked home.

Excepting New York, London is the most depressing capital in the world. To a man who is worried, the London thoroughfares are eminently calculated to suggest a painless illness and the grave, as the only relief to be anticipated by a practical mind, and, as Hopetoun made his way along the abominably lighted streets, he groaned with misery.

It was half-past 12. He mounted heavily to his rooms, trying to persuade himself that he was sleepy at last. They were in darkness, and he barked his shins against the furniture, groping for the matches.

Presently he found a box, and lit the lamp. A final smoke, and then he would really woo the elusive god! He drew forward the tobacco and pipe, and stretched his long legs wearily on the shabby couch.

After he had flung himself there, and the tobacco was fairly aglow, he perceived that there were some letters lying on the mantelpiece, and he debated mentally whether it was worth while rising to get them.

On consideration, he decided that it was. Investigation showed that they had been redirected to him from Deercourt, and he remembered vaguely that Kate had spoken of having sent them on.

Ha! one was from Bella, bearing the Morecombe postmark! Doubtless, he would know definitely now when she was bringing her visit to an end. He tore it open, and, drawing a chair up to the lamp, commenced to read.

What is this? How shockingly she always wrote!

"Dear Arnold,—Between us two a perfect frankness has subsisted from first to last, and I feel certain that you are much too fair, much too intelligent, to read what I have to say with any resentment, or to doubt that the avowal causes me the greatest distress."

"This," said Hopetoun inwardly, "sounds like 'The Complete Letter-Writer.' But I wish she'd had it typed—I can't make it out!" He pulled the lamp close, and smoothed the creases from the paper impatiently.

"A duty is a duty, and I cannot shirk mine! Arnold, I have awakened to the truth, for since I have been here, I have met one who has shown me that I mistook my own heart,"—("Good Lord!" gasped her correspondent)—"mistook my own heart when I pledged myself to be your wife! Loving him as I do, I should be acting wrongly to you were I to fulfil that misguided promise now. I cannot! I cannot deal you a worse misery than this which you have to bear to-day. I cannot accept your marital devotion!"—("'Marital' misspelt!" said Hopetoun)—"devotion, and give you so poor a thing as that which remains in my power in exchange. Do not ask it of me." ("I won't, he said). I beg you to release me from our engagement, and to believe that I shall always cherish a deep, a sisterly affection for you. Do not endeavor to see me, for my determination is unalterable, and discussion would be a needless pain to us both. Write to me to the Hampstead address—I am returning to town the day after to-morrow, but pray, pray don't go there! Indeed, I could not bear it; and if you disregard this request, I must refuse to listen. That time may heal your wound, and Providence enrich your career with its manifold blessings, is the earnest prayer of your very sincere friend, "BELLA CARSTAIRS."

"Then," said Hopetoun, staring into space, "she was at

home when I called to-day, and wouldn't see me! Great Powers! and I might have known all this yesterday morning!"

When Miss Fanshaw came down to breakfast eight hours later, at Deercourt, she paused on the threshold of the room with astonishment, for a gentleman was waiting for her there who had left Euston at 5 o'clock a.m., and who took her in his arms with a boldness that could only mean victory.

And so the flies who had fluttered a while helplessly in the web of Eros escaped from the tangles after all, and Arnold married Kate, and Miss Carstairs was engaged to "Another." It might be counted a more satisfactory termination were one able to add that the "Other" and Miss Carstairs were married also. As a matter of fact, however, they were not. He was a wealthy but immature "Other," and his family stepped in and made objections—as has been the way of families from time immemorial—and despatched him on the grand tour, in the progress of which he changed his youthful mind.

Bella signs herself "Carstairs" still, and looks at Mrs. Hopetoun, if she happens to see her, with something suspiciously akin to envy. But Arnold looks at his wife with eyes of love, and says that no man who has dared to play with fire was ever known to burn himself so pleasantly before. From which it may be argued that they are a happy pair.

[THE END.]

CURIOSITIES OF COURTSHIP AND PROPOSING.

AMONG the Moravians it was the system for the minister to select wives for the men of his congregation. If a "sister" had any objection to the "brother" selected for her life partner she was permitted to state it, but it was generally over-ruled by the priest's eloquence. Strange to say, writes W. Cassie in The People's Friend, a Moravian marriage is generally a happy one.

In the Ukraine, Russia, the maiden is the one that does the courting. When she falls in love with a man she goes to his house and tells him the state of her feelings. If he reciprocates, all is well, and a formal marriage is duly arranged. If, however, he is unwilling, she remains there hoping to coax him into a better mind. The poor fellow cannot treat her with the least discourtesy, or turn her out, for her friends would be sure to avenge the insult. His best plan, therefore, if he is really determined that he won't have her, is to leave his home and stay away as long as she is in it.

On the Isthmus of Darien either sex can do the courting, with the result that almost everybody gets married. There is not quite the same chance where a girl has to bide the notions of a hesitating or bashful swain.

How the Princess Louise, of Savoy, ever recovered from her humiliation after having offered herself in marriage to Charles, Duke of Bourbon, only to receive a grave, but positive refusal, few women can understand.

Surely, never was a declaration made in quainter fashion than that of the Scottish beadle who led the manse housemaid to the churchyard, and, pointing with his finger, stammered: "My folk lie there, Jenny; wad ye like to lie there, too?" And we have a delightful illustration of the simplicity of a rural courtship in the following story: "I'm gaun to be mairrit, Peggy," said a young ploughman to a girl he had been in the habit of visiting. "Oh, are ye?" was the reply. "Wha are ye gettin'?" "Yersel', Peggy," answered the swain. "Oh, are ye?" said Peggy, "I wish I had kenn'd sooner."

Some very curious courting customs prevail in Africa. In one tribe of Eastern Africa, it is regarded as the ne plus ultra of gallantry for the lover to parade before the hut of his inamorata astride of a huge bear.

Among the ancient Persians, the lover burned his hand or cheek to prove his devotion, and then showed it to his lady-love. If she was "willin'" she bound the injured part with a handkerchief; but, if obdurate, she sent the man to a physician for a healing salve.

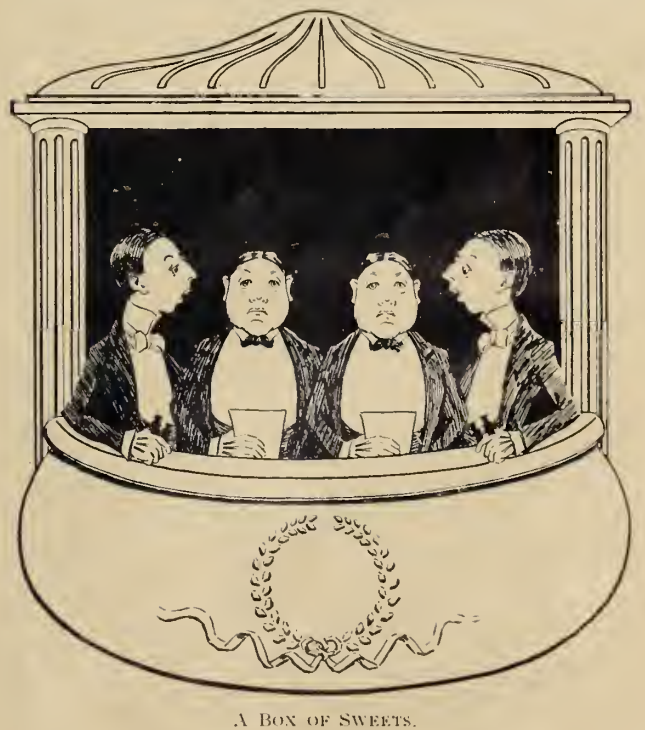
The courting of the aborginals of Australia consisted simply in knocking the woman of his preference down with a club and carrying her off. This form of wooing was as efficacious as brief, and was certainly commendable on the score of economy, since it subjected neither party to the expense of feasts and presents. This method has been tried by others than savages, as the concluding anecdote shows. It is a historical fact that William the Conqueror conducted his courtship in a similar manner. Having fallen in love with a Flemish maid, he told her of his preference, but received in return only scorn and indifference. Becoming enraged at this, he one day attacked her in the open street, and pummelled her unmercifully. The result was that she consented to his suit, and made, when married, one of the meekest wives imaginable.

A clever tight-rope performer proposed to his wife in really a most extraordinary place. The lady belonged to the troupe of which he himself was a member, and his duty consisted in carrying her across the wire. It was on one of these occasions, whilst the wire was swinging to and fro, and every care had to be exercised, that he popped the question, and, still proceeding, heard the girl's pleasing reply. Shortly afterwards they were wedded by special license.

Two years ago, a lady and gentleman met in the house of a mutual friend in New York. Half-an-hour after their introduction he proposed, and was accepted. Thereupon, informing the lady that he did not believe in long engagements, he proposed that they should be married immediately. As she had no objections, a neighboring justice of the peace was summoned by telephone, and the eager couple were married just 30 minutes after they had first set eyes upon each other.

The Galloway lass was equal to the occasion when Jock, entering the kitchen one morning when she was making the porridge, said: "I think I'll marry ye, Jean." "I would be muckle obleeged to ye if ye would," replied she. This concluded the bargain. She did not even stipulate, like another lass who accepted a sudden offer: "But ye maun gi'e me ma dues o' coortin', for a' that, Geordie."

Don't look for fruit on the tree that never bore a blossom.



A BOX OF SWEETS.

THROUGH THE ZONE OF FIRE

A VIVID PEN-PICTURE OF A BATTLE ON THE VELDT.

[The following is a detailed description of modern warfare as it is actually waged in South Africa. Besides being extremely interesting, its accuracy may be thoroughly relied upon. It is by the author of "Life in the Ranks."—Ed.]

OUR scouts having brought us intelligence that, say, 1,000 Boers are occupying an entrenched position five miles to our front, the general in supreme command will detail two British battalions, each 1,000 strong, to rout them out. This, it may be explained, is in accordance with the rules governing the game—which decree that, other things being equal, the attacking force should always be at least twice the strength of the defending. With them will go a battery of field artillery and half a dozen Maxims.

All actions, great and small, begin with an artillery duel; and our suppositious engagement is, of course, no exception to the general rule. Now, field-artillery officers claim for their weapons an effective range of between 8,000 and 12,000 yards; but in practice, except under very exceptional circumstances, they are seldom ordered into action before the attacking force has advanced to within about 5,000 yards of the position to be assailed. Then a single round of common—i.e., solid—shell is fired, to "get the range," followed by shrapnel at one-minute intervals from right to left. At the same time the infantry, which has, up to now, been marching in column of company, deploys—i.e., opens out.

It may be that the fire of our artillery draws that of our opponents, in which case the "drums" are ordered to the rear, and the bearer companies advance at the double, in case of wounded; but, in any case, our lads press steadily forward, rifles at the trail or slope, and ranks opened to two paces' interval.

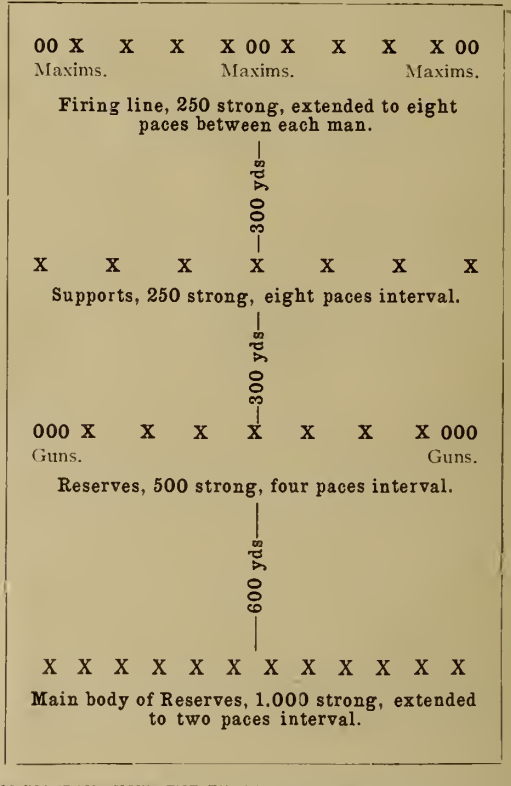
At about 3,000 yards, the two battalions separate. One stays 600 yards in the rear, and becomes the main body of the reserves, while the other splits itself up into the "firing line," "supports" and "reserves" in such a manner that the numerical strength of the last-named fighting unit is exactly equal to that of the other two combined. The force, in other words, resolves itself into what is technically known as the "order of attack," a somewhat complicated arrangement, but one which the accompanying diagram will render clear.

It will be noticed that each line covers precisely the same length of front, and, in this order, and keeping the same interval, they enter what military authorities have agreed to term the "dangerous zone." This may be anywhere between 1,500 and 900 yards, according to the nature and range of the weapon with which the enemy is armed, and his skill in using it. As a general rule, however, unless the defending force is exceptionally strong in artillery, it may be put down at 1,000 yards.

Anyhow, as soon as the zone is entered, the firing line ceases to act as a single fighting unit. Instead, it is broken up into companies, half companies, or sections; the particular formation in any individual instance being determined by the character of the ground to be traversed, and the consequent amount of "cover" available. Neither do the men composing it advance steadily at the "quick" as heretofore; but in short "rushes" of 20, 30, or 40 yards. And between each "rush" the leading "unit" lies flat on the earth and fires "long-range" volleys. The artillery is, of course, at the same time, firing diagonally over their heads from either flank; and the Maxims are "zip-zip-zipping" at intervals, just to keep themselves from growing rusty.

Meanwhile, the defenders—in this case the Boers—have not been idle. Their gunners and sharpshooters have the advantage of knowing the exact range—having previously determined it at leisure by means of the instrument known as the stadiometer—and many a brave "Tommy" throws up his arms and drops to rise no more. Here and there, too, some gallant young subaltern chokes and falls in the midst of a half-uttered order, and is carried protesting to the rear. But for these things, however, the battle, up till now, very much resembles what may be seen any day on the Fox Hills at Aldershot.

But not for long! At 800 yards the work becomes decidedly warm. The defenders recognize that it is now or never. They have, perhaps, a couple of machine-guns of some sort, and


00 X X X X 00 X X X X 00
Maxims.
Maxims.
Maxims.
Firing line, 250 strong, extended to eight paces between each man.
300 yds
X X X X X X X
Supports, 250 strong, eight paces interval.
300 yds
000 X X X X X X X 000
Guns.
Guns.
Reserves, 500 strong, four paces interval.
600 yds
X X X X X X X X X X X X
Main body of Reserves, 1,000 strong, extended to two paces interval.

THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THE EXACT FORMATION OF BRITISH TROOPS READY TO ATTACK A BOER POSITION.

these are sweeping our exposed front fanwise, doing fearful execution. Shrapnel, too, fitted with time-fuses, are bursting among us with monotonous regularity. And, less showy, but more deadly than all, the Mauser bullets sing a ceaseless chorus whose refrain is death.

No wonder the firing-line wavers, and shows a disinclination to advance.

But the general has his finger on the pulse of his little force, and, knowing full well what is about to happen, he turns to his orderly bugler and gives him a short, sharp word of command. Instantly a call rings out, startling, crisp, and shrill; and ere its echoes have ceased to reverberate, the long line of supports rises as one man and dashes forward to reinforce the depleted first line. Thus stiffened, it pushes forward anew, stolidly, doggedly, in short, sharp rushes, for another 200 yards. Then, again, there is seen that ominous wavering, and one half-company, which has had an entire section wiped out by the bursting of a single well-aimed shell, stops short and seeks cover without orders. The officer in command threatens, entreats, protests, and the men rise again and rush forward desperately. It is a critical moment. From a distance one can see the firing-line actually wilt beneath the tornado of fire.

But hark! A second time the bugle rings out, and its lilting blare is answered joyfully by the whistles of half a hundred

company and section commanders. It is the order to bring up the reserves.

They come forward at the double, and take their place in the fore-front of the battle, and the firing-line, stiffened effectually by 500 fresh troops, dashes forward once more.

At 250 yards the whistles sound again. "Employ magazine fire!" is what they say, in language easily understandable of the soldier. And magazine fire it is; while the Maxims zip-zip-zip their very hardest, and the artillery pounds away with a will. It is the turn of the enemy now to wilt and to wither. Talk about squirting death through a hose! This is pumping annihilation through a thousand nozzles at once.

And under cover of this terrific fusillade the main body of the reserves, to the number of 1,000 or thereabouts—for some few have fallen during the advance—are creeping nearer and ever nearer. They are only 100 yards from the firing-line now. 50! 25!

Enough! The firing ceases as suddenly as it begun, and this fresh body of Britons, bayonets fixed, drums beating, and each individual separate unit cheering like mad, hurls itself, a living avalanche of brawn and muscle, full on the doomed enemy.

It is the hottest of hot work while it lasts, and many a gallant redcoat drops ere the charge is driven home. But driven home it is. Nothing short of annihilation can stay a regiment of British regular infantry, once it has received and acted upon the order to charge.

And now ensues a scene of sickening carnage; for once inside an enemy's trenches little, if any, quarter can be given. There is always the danger of a counter-attack to be reckoned with. So, to make sure, every man found inside the position, with arms in his hands, is ruthlessly bayoneted; while the flight of those who have previously taken to their heels is hastened by the volleying of their own abandoned artillery, and by the independent rifle-fire of the victors kneeling to take aim amid the corpses of the vanquished.

Such, briefly sketched, is the history of a typical modern battle, in which the attacking force is victorious. But, supposing the attack is repulsed! When this happens, it will readily be seen that the results to the assailants, who have to re-cross in their retreat the fire-swept zone, are usually disastrous.

CANADA BILL'S FAMOUS CONFRERE.

THE death of Lew Houck, the inventor of three-card monte, and the cleverest card sharp in the world, started the old-time gamblers and police officials in a number of cities on this continent to talking about him and his adventures and tricks.

The last time Houck returned from a European trip, he produced papers and letters to show that while he was in London he was feted and dined by some of the upper crust of English society. He had passed there as a wealthy and traveled American. He had letters, too, from Secretary Olney, Secretary Carlisle and other leaders of the United States political world, which recommended him in the highest terms, not only to the Republic's representatives abroad, but to any friends of the writers who might meet him. And these letters were genuine. Their authenticity could not be doubted. Houck had a way of getting entrance into the exclusive clubs of Washington, Philadelphia, New York and other cities, and in his role of "gentleman of leisure" he had so imposed on men of high standing that they thought him all he represented himself to be, and gave him the letters of introduction that helped him to fleece the aristocracy of Europe.

Houck invented the three-card monte game before he became of age. This is a trick with cards that has fleeced more people out of money than any other game ever practised. The trick is played with three aces, two black ones and one red. It is always played with a confederate to help, or "stall," for the game: The operator takes the three cards between his fingers, showing them to the victim, and then shuffles them about and drops them face down upon the table, offering to bet any amount of money that no one can pick out the red ace. At this point, the operator turns his head a moment to speak to someone in the crowd behind him, and in that moment the confederate picks up the red ace card, shows it to the victim, "crimps" the corner of the card, and slyly lays it down again, apparently all unseen by the operator. The operator again shuffles the three cards and throws them upon the table face down. There lies the card with its crimped corner. The victim supposes, of course, that it is the red ace, and bets, and picks it up to find that it is a black one, and he has lost his money. The operator, when he picked up and shuffled the cards carelessly the second time, with a deft movement of his fingers removed the crimp in the red ace card and put a similar crimp in a black ace card. That was all there was to the trick. Houck worked it for years in hotels, on billiard tables, at fairs and circuses and on railroad trains and steamboats. He taught the trick to Canada Bill, a noted gambler, and the two worked together over all the United States, Canada and Mexico. They paid thousands upon thousands of dollars to railroad men, in the old days, for the privilege of working the game on trains, and they made money.

Later, when nearly every State in the Union passed laws aimed directly against the working of the three-card monte game, it became unprofitable and was given up by Houck. But about that time an ingenious English cockney invented the three-shell game, which was even more productive than three-card monte, and Houck took it up. The three-shell game is a modern improvement on the ancient thimble-rigging game that was worked at English fairs for many years. The old way was for the operator to crook his knee over the head of a cane that stood upright on the ground and move a small seed around between three thimbles on top of his leg, offering to bet that no one could pick the thimble under which the seed was hidden.

The lesson taught by the lives and deaths of Houck and Canada Bill and all the rest of their kind is that it never pays to be dishonest or to live by one's wits. These men may get great sums of money by sharp practices in the course of a lifetime, but they all die poor, and most of them die in prison. Canada Bill, who worked with Houck, and made probably $1,000,000 in his life, died a pauper in the almshouse in Lebanon, Penn., and is buried in a pauper's grave. Houck dropped dead on the streets in Durango, Mexico, and his widow in Ohio had to solicit aid to get his body home to give it decent burial.

BROTHER JOSEPH RUDYARD KIPLING.

MR. KIPLING having recently joined a Masonic lodge in Edinburgh, under the name and title of "Brother Joseph Rudyard Kipling," his new honors are thus celebrated by The London Academy's special poet:

I chanced to be at Rottingdean upon a little trip;
I met a fellow Mason there and gave the man the grip;
"What ho," I said, "my Rudyard!" But his look was cold as snow:
"My name, you ought to understand," he said, "is Brother Joe."

Oh, it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with poems, tales and such,
And Rudyard Kipling is a name that can't be known too much.
Oh, it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with any writing dodge,
But it's Brother Joseph Kipling when he joins a blooming Lodge.

I went into a library to get a book to read,
The man behind the counter asked: "What is it, sir, you need?"
"I want," I said, "the latest thing that Joseph Kipling's done."
"Go on," he said, "you're having me. Joe Kip? there isn't one!"

Oh, it's Brother Joe, and Joseph, when insignias are out
And knives and forks are busy and the bottle goes about.
It's "Brother Joe from India" where'er the Masons throng,
But it's Rudyard Kipling only, when he writes a blooming song.

Politics from the Inside.

BEING CONFIDENTIAL CONVERSATIONS, OVERHEARD NOT BY CHOICE BUT OF NECESSITY.

TING-a-ling-ling!

"Hello, central. Give me Sir Wilfrid Laurier's office * * * Hello, is that Sir Wilfrid? Fraser's speaking—Fraser, of Guysboro. What I want to know is where I'm at, politically, that is, what my position is in the great Liberal party?"

"Why, you're the right bower of the Administration, of course."

"Yes, but see here, Sir Wilfrid, playing right bower and subsisting on a miserable sessional indemnity and applause grows a bit tiresome after you've been at it as long as I have. Now, three years ago, I was promised promotion at the first opportunity. Since then several Cabinet shuffles have taken place and here I am still on the frosty outside."

"Ah, but, my dear Fraser, don't be impatient, your day's coming."

"Impatient! Why, sir, Job wasn't in it with me. Just let me explain. Here's Borden been scheduled to resign, and the papers all talking about big Dunc Fraser taking his place in the Cabinet as a representative of Nova Scotia. Nice things are said of me; in fact, a little boom is worked up, when along comes Borden, like a cow in a parlor, and spoils everything by declaring that he's not going to resign—be blowed if he will."

"Yes, but Duncan, my boy, perhaps Freddy hasn't everything to say about that. I'm holding out no promise remember, but, well, ahem—there might be a vacancy after all you know—that is, if the rest of the Cabinet say so."

"Not much to build on, Sir Wilfrid, not much to build on. Then, there's the question of that Yukon judgeship, which several papers have had me slated for. In the absence of anything better I'd take that, but I'd sooner go into the Cabinet."

"Impossible, impossible, my dear Fraser. We have often discussed that Yukon judgeship in the Cabinet, and all were agreed that even if the coast was clear in other respects it would be a cold-blooded outrage to send the gallant D. C. Fraser out to that country. You're too good a mark, Duncan. Think of what might happen some day if you gave an unpopular judgment in that land of pistols and bowie-knives. As Fielding remarked in Council, even a man who couldn't hit a barn door could hit Fraser. So it was decided that we could not give you the judgeship, and that was the reason, Duncan—believe me, that was the reason."

"Well, Sir Wilfrid, whatever the position of matters may be, I just rang you up to say that I'm tired of this role of confidential guide, philosopher and friend to the Administration, and unless I get a portfolio, or a judgeship or something equally good, and get it instanter, you needn't count on my vote in any more Crow's Nest Pass deals, or Yukon deals, or Drummond County deals—or, or, well, take the list as read. D' you see? Now I mean business. Ta-ta."

* * *

TING-a-ling-ling!

"Hello, there, give me John Haggart * * * Hello, John. This is Doc."

"Hello, Montague, what's up?"

"Did you see that report in MONTREAL LIFE, of a conversation in which old Sir Charles tells Clarke Wallace that he's going to drop us?"

"Yes, heard about it, but didn't see it."

"Well, what's to be done, John, under the circumstances? Don't you think it's time we made a move?"

"What kind do you propose?"

"I fancy something a la Costigan would suit our purpose. For years the Grit papers have abused us as the two worst men in the Conservative party, always saving and excepting Sir Charles himself. They've abused us so roundly, in fact, and so often, the people are more than half persuaded it's true—more's the pity! Now, if Sir Charles is going to act ugly and take up again with Wallace, let's go over to the Grits. I guarantee that inside of a week after the first signs of a change of heart on our part every Grit paper in the country will have a good word to say for us, and The Globe will be pointing out that we are much-abused men and are being as shamefully treated by Sir Charles as poor old Mackenzie Bowell was."

"But where's the advantage in such a course, Montague? We can't hope for a place in the Liberal Cabinet."

"Very true, but we can get our little axe at work on Sir Charles and Wallace, and revenge is sweet. Not only that, but the Grits, if we right about wheel, can hardly, with decency, oppose us very strongly, if at all, next election. To tell the truth, John, I'm getting a little shaky in Haldimand and I don't suppose you fancy you are going to have any pleasure excursion next time you stump South Lanark. As for excuses, it's easy as rolling off a barn roof to justify our change. Same yarn as Costigan's: That the Conservatives are no longer the party of Sir John A. Do you grasp my full meaning?"

"Yes, Doc., I think I commence to dream a dream. I'll sleep over your suggestion and have another chat with you. Just now I've a date on, so bye-bye."

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

COWARDS, EVERY ONE.

NOW that burglaries are of such frequent occurrence in Montreal, it is interesting to know what the average housebreaker thinks of mankind in general.

"No man's a hero to a burglar," said a retired member of that profession. "In my time, I have entered thousands of houses, and I never met with the man who had the cool courage to come downstairs and attack me when he was roused by his wife. Times and again when the head of the house has been driven to the head of the stairs by his wife, he has only come down a few steps, and then crouched still for a few minutes. Then he has returned to his bedroom, telling his wife there is no one there. This has been my experience with officers, business men, and clergymen. The scene was identical in all cases. That's why I laugh when I read how a certain householder rushed downstairs, but failed to catch the burglar!"

ANOTHER LONDON WONDER.

THE story of the forgotten tunnel between St. Martin's-le-Grand and Euston, reads like a chapter of Jules Verne, says a London paper. Although it was only laid 42 years ago, it had passed out of mind as completely as the bored-out elm trees that once carried London's water supply underground. And, it is no small affair, either; it is four feet high and four and a half feet wide; and pretty deep down, too, for it dips from Newgate street down below Farringdon street. George Threlfall, the discoverer of this ancient way, has crawled through its length, and he reports that it is quite perfect and usable, and he suggests that it could be employed for the conveyance of parcels by electric traction, since it failed in its original purpose of a pneumatic tube.

THE KAFFIR (finding himself in front of a cavalry charge).—And they call that a standing army!

A Montrealer's Experience of Secret Societies.

[WHICH SHOULD BE READ BY WOMEN WHO ARE CURIOUS TO KNOW WHAT THE SECRET IS, ANYWAY.]

IT is a curious fact that the masculine population of this city, from the haughty bank clerk to the humble millionaire, seem to have a hankering, from the moment their nurses give them their first start in life by sticking a pin into them, to join some more or less mysterious form of secret society. They are not alone in this fad. It has been the same with mankind ever since Pharaoh's daughter discovered the infant Moses reading the war news among the bulrushes and rescued the distinguished victim of anti-Semitism just before paresis set in. And the reason for it is not far to seek. The lodge room may not be the most fascinating resort in the entire world for a man by a large majority. But it is the one spot into which his wife cannot penetrate. Safe within its dingy walls he can defy the domestic potentate.

Of course, there are many secret societies. But there is only one secret. It is the awful mystery as to where the lodge funds go. And, as all societies are based upon the one secret and governed largely by the same principles, it follows that they resemble each other as much as Cæsar and Pompey, who, we are informed, were very much alike—more especially Pompey. In fact, the principal difference is in the amount of calisthenics requisite to produce the "sign of recognition." It may be anything from simply scratching the nose with the thumb to a very fair imitation of a club-swinging entertainment. The "sign of suffering" is usually to rub the part affected and ejaculate "Ow!" The "signal for assistance" is invariably to yell "Police!" and retire as promptly as possible from the point of danger. The remainder of the brethren will do the same. And thus the assassin will be left in solitude to await the arrival of the patrol wagon.

All lodges have an ante-chamber in which the members can leave their overcoats and flasks. These are guarded by an official termed a sentinel, a tyler, or an outside guard, who is principally remarkable because he smells exactly like the lodge room, and is just as dingy in appearance. You usually fall over this official on your way to the lodge room, which may be looked upon as the acme of gaunt desolation. It smells like a compromise between an ice-box and a second-hand store. There is a flavor of fluff and mouldiness in the air. It has, apparently, never been swept or dusted in the memory of man, and there are a series of stony benches round the sides, suggestive of the ante-room to a penitentiary.

In the centre is usually a square of oilcloth, with a wooden altar on which is displayed the sacred wishbone. In temperance societies, this is replaced by a cloudy goblet of faded water, with a few dead flies in it. At one end of the room is a dismal dais for the Holy Humguffin. At the other is one slightly more decayed for the Wearer of the Tin-tag. The Supreme Can-opener sits on one side, trying to look as if he liked it. And, on the other is a wheezy harmonium, with chronic bronchitis in its upper register. To each of these dread officials must the entering brother perform the little song and dance laid down in the ritual. Then he is at liberty to fork over his dues to the Chief Pocketer of the Boodle—whom, by this time, he has learned to loathe.

Then follows the dreary routine of lodge "work." Then arises the worshipful brother who desires to know if it is true that the Holy Humguffin paid 10c. for a piece of mica for the hall stove, when Brother Spiffin would have put it in for 9¾c.? All the other brothers glare at the Holy Humguffin as this frightful charge is brought against him, and he gets very red in the face as he falters out his excuses. Then the committee on sick visiting report that they called on Brother Foozle, and were received by Mrs. Foozle with a bowl of hot starch, and chased by the Foozle dog for two blocks before they sought refuge in a trolley car. Other equally exciting reports are made; until the Chief-wearer of the Tin-tag goes to sleep in his chair, and the Holy Humguffin gets so cross that he pounds with his gavel every time anyone ventures to open his mouth.

It is usually at this moment that the official outside leaves off mixing up the rubbers and poking the stove with his sword, and announces that a "blind kitten" is in waiting, desirous of having his eyes opened to the mysteries of the Order.

Instantly the lodge is in a turmoil. The Pocketer of the Boodle hurries out to corral the initiation fee before the candidate can change his mind, and the Holy Humguffin discovers that he has forgotten every word of his "charge," and is too flustered to fake it.

Then comes the initiation, which varies in severity according to the size and viciousness of the victim. If he be a little man of a mild temperament, his eyes are liable to stick out like the pegs on a hat-stand before he is through. The principal feature is usually the leading of the blindfolded candidate about the lodge room by a clothes line, while the brethren chant an alleged song to the music of the harmonium. If he is very small he may be prodded behind with a broom handle, to render the ceremony more interesting.

Then the lodge settles down with an air of malignant triumph to hear the Holy Humguffin get off his "charge." From the first it has been apparent that whatever little that perturbed official ever did know about it has been thoroughly frightened out of him. His appealing eye looks over the ring of stony disparaging faces, and how he stammers out something he never knows. But he does. And then he sinks back on his mouldy throne with a sigh of relief which brings a cloud of dust and moths out of the dingy curtains. The Wearer of the Tin-tag makes even a worse fist of his "charge." And as by this time the candidate has discovered signs of becoming restive he is usually released and allowed to put his clothes on.

The lodge now proceeds to close in due form. For the most important portion of the ceremony—the putting up of drinks by the new brother—is now in order. Herein do the high officers of the lodge find their recompense. For the new brother regards them with awe, and endeavors to propitiate them by converting them into walking distilleries. Hence, he usually arrives home in the dazed condition of a tabby kitten that has taken a turn in a tombola, and is welcomed by his wife with tears and a bed-slat. But he has taken the first step in lodge life, and one more masculine aspiration has been gratified. He may never rise to be an officer. He may, forever, sit a humble member on a bench, far too upright to be truly happy. But he has one night a month when his wife has no supervision over him, and when he is as sacred from her interference as the Grand Lama. It is true, he is to a certain degree sat upon by the Holy Humguffin and his coadjutors. But he can talk back to them. He dare not talk back to his wife.

TIMON.

A WOMAN'S TEAR.

THE tears of lovely woman had been a mystery through the ages, but James Smithson, the founder of the Smithsonian Institution, determined that the secret should be a secret no longer.

One day, he saw a tear slip down a lady's cheek, and instantly sought to catch it in a small vial which he constantly carried with him.

One-half the precious drop escaped, but, having preserved the other half, Mr. Smithson submitted it to reagents, and next day published to the world the fact that it was simply microcosmic salt, with muriate of soda and three or four saline substances held in solution.

SOCIETY

THE daily round has again begun in all its force. In carriages and on foot, one sees Montreal at large every afternoon, all intent upon the same mission; namely, that of crowding into the shortest space of time possible, the largest number of visits; and much to be envied is she who, on her return from the warpath, triumphantly announces that she has paid 14 calls, and only found two people receiving. We are all so delightfully candid about the irksomeness of this especial social duty.

"Haven't you begun to pay visits yet?" asked a lady the other day, in a friend's drawing-room. "Oh how foolish! Very few are keeping their day yet, and one gets such a lot done. I have not found a person at home to-day." Most satisfactory to the wholesale scatterer of cards! But, no doubt, the hostess felt she had been guilty of inconsideration in being in herself. How eagerly we shuffle out our cards, and fly down the steps, in case the maid might reconsider her ultimatum that "the ladies" are "not at home"; and how we dread to see the well-filled card tray on our return in the evening, meaning, as we know too well, that the "measure we meted has been measured to us again," and all too soon!

* * *

THERE has been an agitation in Montreal to do away with formal visiting. In fact, it may still be going on, but exactly what method is to be employed, I know not. It may be that cards are to be sent by post, or perhaps the idea is that days are to be abolished, and that we are to merely leave our cards at the various doors, without any pretence of inquiring for the inmates or expression of a desire to enter. How much more time we would have at our disposal for seeing our intimate friends! How many more odd minutes we could bestow on healthful or interesting pursuits! But does this reformation appear feasible? I fear not. And the likelihood is that, as we are harassed and worried now over a duty that in reality was born of pleasure, so shall we be till the end of the chapter.

To begin with, the root of the evil lies in most of us knowing too many people. We are quite insatiable in that respect. Daily we add to our visiting list, calling upon Dick, Tom and Harry, sometimes because we feel we ought to, sometimes because we have been asked to do so, often because it is the correct thing, and frequently because we hope to derive some benefit therefrom. Then, after having made the burden of visiting greater than we can bear, we anathematize a system that is, in itself, not rotten at the core, but decaying from the outside, because of its injudicious treatment. To the woman who pays calls like an automatic machine, as to speak, "days" are a frightful hindrance. For one is always obliged to go in, and common decency necessitates a waste of three minutes at least And certainly these "1st and 3rd," "2nd and 4th," "1st, 2nd and 3rd," "1st and 4th" Mondays, Tuesdays or Fridays are a tax on one's memory, if nothing worse, and are not a credit to the instigator of the scheme.

* * *

THERE is also an improvement that might be made in Montreal with little trouble, and much benefit as a result. And that is, that people moving in the same circle, having mutual friends, and living in the same street should endeavor, if possible, to receive on the same day. We mount to the top of Peel street on Thursday, to retrace our steps on the Friday to a house three doors farther down. We drag our weary way over to Hutchison street on a Tuesday in the knowledge that on Wednesday we must cover the same ground to pay a call in the immediate neighborhood. Of course, to suggest all the dwellers in Sherbrooke street, who are known to each other, keeping Tuesday, we'll say, would be an absurdity. Intending visitors would be obliged to start out with the milkman to accomplish so many visits. But, with a little forethought and management, there might be a saving of much time and energy. If Mrs. B., between Peel and Drummond streets, has Thursday, why cannot Mrs. C. be conciliatory enough to choose the same, and why should not Mrs. A. elect to do so, too? There are brave people who take no thought for the morrow, whether it be Monday or Tuesday, but make out a list, and stick to it, regardless of such minor details as "At Home" days. They accomplish their ends, but lest they be imitated, let it be added, they do not enjoy popularity.

* * *

ANOTHER mooted question is the necessity, or its lack, of paying tea calls. Every possible way out of the difficulty has been suggested, but conservatism makes us tread the same old path. Consequently, the hostess who sought to entertain her friends by one noble effort in the shape of an afternoon tea, finds that unwittingly she is let in for a series of miniature receptions for several succeeding weeks. Some few have introduced the custom of leaving cards when they attend the tea-party. That savors a little too much of businesslike despatch, and a desire to rid oneself of any feeling of obligation. The two birds succumb to one stone rather too obviously.

Dances, dinners, luncheons, necessitate a polite visit, and when a tea is the form of hospitality your friend decides upon, it does seem more gracious to acknowledge it afterwards, But if cards must be left why not do so, a day or two after, the sooner the better, without attempting to pay a visit or keep to the usual receiving day? A general adoption of this plan would be a relief to both hostess and guests—and in these days, anything that tends to lightening our yokes should be rigorously supported.

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MR. LEWIS TOMS, at one time a resident of Montreal, spent some days here, the guest of Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas, "Llangorse House," on his way from British Columbia to visit relatives in England.

Mrs. E. Goff Penny, Peel street, has left town on a visit of some weeks to Altantic City, that favourite winter resort of many Montrealers.

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LAST week Mrs. M. H. Gault, "Braehead," gave a second most enjoyable tea for a number of friends, this time only married ladies being invited. Among those present were: Mrs. A. F. Gault, Mrs. J. S. Allan, Mrs. J. Peek, Mrs. F. Bond, Mrs. A. F. Riddell, Mrs. Bagg, Miss Mitcheson, Mrs. Stanway, Mrs. Skelton, Mrs. E. H. King, Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. J. Bell, Mrs. S. Finley, Mrs. D. Morrice, Jr., Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. W. W. Ogilvie. Mrs. Hutchison, Mrs. L. Lewis, Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs. Reford, Mrs. C. Nelles, Mrs. G. C. May.

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MRS. A. R. MACDONELL, 1160 Dorchester street, gave a large tea last week for Miss Birmingham, of Kingston, who is visiting her. During the afternoon, Miss Terroux and Mr. Saucier contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the guests by their delightful songs.

Among those invited were: Lady Hingston, Mrs. Stancliffe, Mrs. Beaubien, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Alain MacDonald, Mrs. Wurtele, Miss O'Brien, Mrs. H. Holt, Mrs. Judah, Mrs. Shaughnessy, Mrs. F. Chaffee, Mrs. P. Davidson, Mrs. J. F. Burnett, Mrs. Porteous, Mrs. Taché, Mrs. Rolland, Mrs. Drury, (Kingston), Mrs. Hayter Reed, Mrs. John Hope, Mrs. Deacon, the Misses Campbell, Mrs. G. L. Cains, Mrs. H.

Items for this department should be in the hands of the editor on Tuesday, if possible. No news whatever can be taken after Wednesday at 5 p.m.

Duggan, Mrs. Almon, Mrs. A. W. Ogilvie, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. and Miss Leblanc, Mrs. Casgrain, Mrs. D. Gilmour, Mrs. H. H. Henshaw, Mrs. E. Guerin, Mrs. K. Blackwell, Mrs. and the Misses Acer, Mrs. Wheeler.

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MISS WINIFRED LEE, arrived last week from England, and will spend some weeks in Montreal, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. J. Buchanan, Drummond street.

On Friday evening, Mrs. W. M Dobell gave a very pleasant dinner-party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pangman.

Last week, Miss Minda Buchanan, Drummond street, entertained a number of friends at tea to meet her cousin, Miss Lee.

* * *

LAST Friday, the hospitable rooms of Mrs. George Molson, Bishop street, were filled with a throng of smartly dressed people from five to seven o'clock, to enjoy tea and pleasant conversation. The tea-table, at which Miss Forbes, Miss Edith Molson and Miss Black presided, was most artistically arranged, a centre-piece of huge pink chrysanthemums and pink-shaded candles making a most delightful effect. Among the guests were noticed: Mrs. J. T. Molson, Miss Molson, Mrs. Denne, Mrs. Duggan, Mrs. Towers, Mrs. Peck, Miss Skelton, Mrs. Spaekman, Miss Armstrong, Miss M. Armstrong, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Mark Molson, Mrs. Dunlop, Miss Dunlop, Miss Ramsay, Miss Simms, Miss Campbell, Mrs. D. B. Macpherson, Mrs. W. Wonham, Mrs. Wonham, Miss Wonham, Miss Ewan, Miss A. Ewan, Mrs. H. Jamieson, Miss Macrae, Miss Piers, the Misses Brown, Mrs. G. Napier, Mrs. E. H. King, Mrs. Coristine, Miss Coristine, Mrs. Piers, Mrs. J. S. Allan, Mrs. L. Lewis, Mrs. R. S. Bagg, the Misses Major, Mrs. F. Scott, Mrs. Birkett, Miss Birkett, Mrs. H. Graham, Mrs. C. Nelles.

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AMONG the recent arrivals from Europe is Miss Marjorie Riddell, daughter of Mr. A. F. Riddell, who has spent the summer abroad. It will be remembered, Miss Riddell went with the express purpose of being bridesmaid to Mrs. Elmenhorst's eldest daughter, whose marriage took place at Kiel, and of whom, as a pretty child, Montreal people have pleasant recollections.

* * *

ON Friday evening last, a very jolly dance was given by Mrs. Johnson, 5 Prince of Wales' terrace. These small and almost informal dances are enjoyed by everyone, and it is only a pity that more people do not entertain their friends in this delightful way. The music, which was of a distinctly popular nature, was excellent, and dancing was kept up to a late hour. Those present were: Miss M. Greenshields, Miss B. Allan, Miss Brainerd, Miss E. Clay, Miss A. Galt, Miss E. Molson, Miss M. Molson, Miss Baldwin (London, Ont.), Miss King, Miss Van Horne, Miss Miller (Londonderry), Miss E. Scott, Miss Carter, Miss Rawlings, Miss M. Rawlings, the Misses Ward, Miss Macrae, Miss Dunlop, Miss G. Cundill, Miss Edythe Gault, Miss Williams, Miss Y. Williams, Miss L. Smith, Miss M. Smith; Mr. Smith, Mr. Rawlings, Mr. Jaquays, Mr. P. Aylmer, Mr. M. Burke, Mr. G. Lewis, Mr. G. Drinkwater, Mr. Mayrand, Mr. G. Gault, Mr. J. Glassco, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Lyman, Mr. D. Browne, Mr. Cameron, Mr. H. Davis, Dr. H. Church, Mr. R. King, Mr. N. Smith, Mr. E. Shepherd, Mr. Harries, Mr. H. Skelton, Mr. P. Campbell, Mr. Anderson, Mr. M. Scott.

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ON Friday evening, Mrs. R. Wilson Reford, MacGregor street, gave a very pleasant farewell dinner for her brother, Mr. F. S. Meighen, who left this week for England, to take a course at Aldershot, and, if possible, go out to the front at an early date, in connection with some British corps The guests included Miss Howard, Miss Stearns, Miss Daisy Campbell, Mr. A. E. Ogilvie, Mr. B. Maclennan, and Mr. Meighen.

Mr. Claude B. Robbin, who has been filling a post in the Bank of Montreal at Chicago, has been transferred to Montreal again, and returned to town last week.

Mrs. W. M. Dobell, Crescent street, paid a short visit to Ottawa this week to attend the marriage of her brother, Mr. Colin Sewell.

Miss Gertrude Clark, of San Diego, California, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. T. Wilson, Drummond street.

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A MARRIAGE of no little interest to Montreal people was that of Mr. Joseph Rouer Roy, only son of Mr. Rouer Roy, Q.C., of this city, and Miss Edna Harvey, daughter of Mr. J. W. Harvey, which took place at New Westminster, B.C., on Tuesday, October 31. Mr. Roy was a very popular member of French society here, and, indeed, no less so in English society also.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. JAMES ROSS returned this week from a stay of some months on the other side, where they were visiting in England and Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Dawes, and the Misses Dawes, are also among the recent arrivals from abroad.

It must be not a little tiresome to be seized upon immediately one sets foot within one's city, and asked to give one's views upon every possible question almost before one has put down one's traveling-bag. Yet, both Mr. Ross and Mr. Dawes evidently had to undergo the ordeal, and interviews of some length are the result. However, the public must always be gratified at the expense of the individual.

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MISS L. BETHUNE, daughter of Mr. Strachan Bethune, Q. C., has returned from England, where she has been visiting for the past year or so.

Mrs. Napier and Miss Annie Napier, who have been spending some days in Montreal, the guests of Mrs. E. H. King, Dorchester street, left this week for Peterboro', where they intend to made their home for some little time, owing to the fact that Mr. Frank Napier's position in the Bank of Montreal necessitates his living there.

* * *

ON Monday next, will begin a course of lectures on "Church History and the Bible," by the Rev. Henry Kittson, rector of the Church of the Advent. These lectures will be profusely illustrated by lantern slides, and will take place in Elm Hall. A collection will be taken up to defray, in a small way, the expenses. Last spring Mr. Kittson gave a short course on somewhat similar subjects, and, if these lectures are as interesting as the last, and there is no reason to doubt it, everyone who attends will, indeed, owe a debt of gratitude to the lecturer.

* * *

ON Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Handyside, Dorchester street, gave a little tea for her niece, Miss Harmon, who is visiting her.

Mrs. J. W. Scane and her little daughter have returned from a visit of some weeks at Ste. Therise, where they were the guests of Mrs. Morris, the "Manor House."

Mrs. G. Durnford, Clandeboye avenue, gave a very successful tea on Wednesday afternoon.

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I WONDER does it often strike people in general, how very ready we all are to accept anything that is offered to us "without money and without price?" It may not be; in fact, is not, illustrated any more forcibly here than in other places. But really, an entertainment has only to be advertised as free, and it can draw a crowd of people, who, if there was an admission fee of even five cents, would find an excuse for staying at home. It matters not what the attraction held forth happens to be—whether a white elephant or a tailless cat only—the very idea of getting into a hall without paying has a fascination for most of us. And, the most singular part of it is that it is not to the poor especially that it so appeals. No, it is those who can well afford to pay who pocket gratuitous benefits. One feels, sometimes, that it is this characteristic

SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

that accounts for the undying popularity of five o'clock teas. Though we hear numberless denunciations of this form of entertainment, we still see little decrease in the attendance at them, for, at a tea, not even a silver collection is taken up.

* * *

THIS afternoon, Friday, Mrs. Coristine, University street, is giving a large "At Home" from 5 to 7.

Mrs. Guy Ross, "The Denbigh," is also entertaining a number of friends at afternoon tea, to-day.

Miss Blanche Drury has arrived from England, where she has been spending some years, and is staying with Mrs. Drury and Miss Drury, St. Catherine street.

* * *

THE Countess of Minto, who went home to England, in order to be present at the marriage of Lady Sybil Beauclerc and Captain Lascelles, is expected to return by the Campania on the next trip of that vessel. The new aide, Mr. Mann, of the Prince of Wales' Own Norfolk Artillery, who is to succeed Captain Lascelles, will accompany her. Some one pertinently asks the question: "If a militiaman (the pun is unintentional and unavoidable) was eligible for the position why not have looked nearer home for someone to fill the vacancy? All our officers did not leave with the contingent for the Transvaal."

Last Friday evening, Principal Peterson delivered the opening lecture of a course on sculpture, before the May Court Club, Ottawa. Professor Capper, of McGill, will continue the series, and has as his subject, the "History of Sculpture," which he will, no doubt, treat in his usual able manner.

Mr. C. J. Way is an English artist who intends making Montreal his home for some little time to come. He now occupies a studio in the Fraser Building, and there, on Saturday afternoons, numerous friends drop in, and enjoy looking over his sketches and pictures. As a young man, Mr. Way spent some time in Montreal, and in many houses here there are to be seen evidences of his skill with water-colors, even in the early years of his career.

Mrs. Alloway, and Miss Irene Alloway have returned from a most delightful trip to England. * * *

NOW that lawns and even cinder courts are impracticable for tennis, it is fortunate for the ladies who are devotees of this particular exercise, that, as long as the Montreal Racquet Club is agreeable, they will not be debarred from enjoying the game at least two mornings in the week. For the ensuing season, the Ladies' Tennis Club has elected the following officers: Mrs. H. V. Meredith, president; Mrs. J. C. Hatton, vice-president, and Miss McEachran, secretary, treasurer. This club has always been a most successful one, and numbers among its members some very excellent players.

* * *

LAST Friday, a very pleasant luncheon was given by Mrs. J. Cassie Hatton, Metcalfe street, who has ever enjoyed the reputation of being a most delightful hostess. Those invited were: Mrs. Edye, Mrs. E. B. Greenshilds, Mrs. S. Greenshields, Mrs. A. M. Esdaile, Mrs. Fyshe, Mrs. W. R. Miller, Miss Miller.

MISS LILY YOUNG, "Piedmont Cottage," Durocher street, will very soon take her departure for England, where she will spend the winter, visiting her sister, Mrs. Rogers. Miss Young has not been very strong for the past year, and it is hoped that the change of climate and surroundings will greatly benefit her health.

Anxious forebodings entertained by some in regard to the opening of the Victoria Rink have been set at rest, by the report of the meeting of president and directors. And many a small boy, and many a large family rejoices that the new arrangement as to prices renders skating for both a possibility.

* * *

CAPTAIN AND MRS. LAWRENCE left last week for England, where they intend to winter. Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Labbe have rented Capt. Lawrence's house, 175 Drummond street, for the winter.

Miss Esther Durnford, daughter of Mr. George Durnford, returned this week from Toronto, having been obliged through ill-health to give up, at least for the present, the course of nursing she began this autumn. Miss Durnford has the sympathy of all her friends in thus having to relinquish a project to which she seemed eminently suited and upon which her ambitions centred.

Mrs. Hutton gave a farewell tea at "Earnscliffe," on Saturday, for her mother, Lady Paulett, who returns to England after a year spent in Canada.

BLANCHE WALSH,
At the Academy of Music next week.

Plays & Players

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

THE best dramatic production this week was Forgiven, which is described as a Western "idyll," and was produced at the Theatre Francais, by the regular stock company. Like most Western plays, Forgiven abounds in exciting situations, and partakes largely of the character of the paper-covered "dime" that affords literature and inspiration to the youth of neglected education aud immature taste. Nevertheless, the play is not without merit, and, in the hands of the capable actors of the Francais, it becomes a somewhat entertaining production. Miss Byron and Mr. Henderson as Jack Diamond, the gambler, and his wife, give a good account of themselves, as usual. A fair vaudeville programme is presented.

At the Academy a weak company presented an impossible play—the so-called Russian drama, For Her Sake. For the public's sake the plot ought to be revised and toned down, and, for the same reason, Mr. Lawrence should engage a few competent actors in addition to Miss Weems, who, as Olga, "a child of serfdom," gave her part a natural interpretation in the midst of a support that simply burlesqued their roles. Mr. Lawrence himself is, as he describes himself, a "Romantic actor," with a capital R. He entirely fails to portray human nature as it really exists, and his Prince Valdemar is an impossible compound. But perhaps one should not blame the actors so much as the play, which has no merit upon which the company can work. CELLO.

* * *

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

AN interesting dramatic event will be the appearance of Blanche Walsh and Melbourne McDowell, presenting Sardou's La Tosca, Gismonda, and Fedora, at the Academy of Music next week. Miss Walsh has been royally received throughout the largest cities in the country, and her work and genius have been warmly praised. The character she enacts calls for talent of the highest kind, and she would have been retired a year ago did she not meet the requirements of the Sardou characters. In the play of La Tosca, all of the dramatic power which Miss Walsh possesses is brought into action, and the result is said to be a most enjoyable presentation. This actress has decided adaptability for a part like this. Fedora may be theatrical in its device and effects, as are all of Sardou's works, but it is truly and genuinely dramatic. In construction, it is a masterpiece; there is not a scene or a word that is not essential to the working out of the theme. So deftly and completely is the story told, that the audience is never puzzled as to the sequence of events, the cause and effect alike of the complications. The interest is absorbing, and the sympathy that is aroused is natural, despite any resort to purely theatrical devices. In Gismonda, the French dramatist has taken a simple theme, and evolved therefrom an intensely dramatic story, which fairly bristles with telling situations and effective dialogue. He is a master in the delineation of all the phases of human passion, and he is fearless in the treatment of questions that less skillful playwriters avoid. It is worthy of note that Sardou has sketched a series of women, each more remarkable than her predecessor, and that Gismonda is the last and most interesting of all. In the palace scene, Miss Walsh will wear a girdle that has $50,000 worth of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds set in an exquisite uetwork of gold.

That Melbourne MacDowell will be again welcome in Montreal needs hardly be said. He is an excellent actor, and has never done better work. The enacting company is most capable, and the scenic effects will be elaborate and impressive. The plays will be brilliantly costumed. On Monday night and at the special matinee Wednesday, La Tosca will be presented. Gismonda will be the bill on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights, and Saturday matinee. Fedora will receive a single performance on Saturday night. The advance sale of seats insures a large and fashionable audience for the engagement.

THE date is drawing near for the annual theatre night of Bishop's College at the Francais, and for the entire week a programme of all-round excellence has been prepared. It is a question if any better comedy could have been selected than Mortimer's famous Gloriana, which has already been produced twice at the Theatre Francais; each time with success worthy of the biggest weeks of the theatre, under the management of Mr. Phillips. Mr. Thos. McGrane will, of course, again play Count Evitoff. When Gloriana was first played in New York, it had a remarkable run of 600 nights, and the New York Herald thus spoke of it: "Gloriana is the best of its class, and it is bound to live when other less meritorious plays have sunk into oblivion." The stock company has given the piece a very careful and painstaking rehearsal in order that there shall be no disappointment for the coming week. At the head of the vaudeville bill will be Conway and Statts, a team of Irish comedians, who appeared at the Francais some time ago, and became instantaneous favorites. There is also to be a capital sister act, and a number of other vaudeville turns, making up a bill of general excellence.

* * *

ROSE COGHLAN will be seen at the Academy of Music, Monday, November 27, as Lady Janet in The White Heather, a London drama, which has had a remarkable success at the Academy of Music in New York. The announcement of Miss Coghlan's engagement is an interesting one to theatre-goers, and during her stay a succession of large audiences should greet this fine actress. The White Heather is a good play, and nothing more elaborate in the way of scenery and costumes has ever been presented. The scene where a diver is lowered from his boat to the bottom of the sea, and the duel with knives down in the water, are clever pieces of realism.

The other important scenes show the London Stock Exchange, Battersea Park, a Scottish moor, and a grand ball in which many ladies and gentlemen appear clad in magnificent costumes. Miss Coghlan will have the assistance of John T. Sullivan, and an excellent company of actors and actresses.

* * *

LONDON DRAMATIC LETTER.

London, October 25.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER'S impressions of Robespierre, Irving's new play, which Montrealers doubtless hope to see next spring when Sir Henry visits their city, will interest your readers. "Of course I went to see Robespierre," she writes—"a heart-breaking play, exquisitely mounted, perfectly done, and containing some of the most wonderful touches of humanity I have ever seen. One has, alas! no sympathy with Robespierre himself—that is quite impossible—but Irving is, I think, more wonderful than ever, more subtle in every touch, more absorbed in his part, more lost in it than I have ever seen him. One cannot say the same of Ellen Terry. She is like a fragrant rose set to bloom in an arid desert. All her sweetness and charm and grace are thrown clean away. Naturally, the play is not historically correct, and personally I would have been better pleased if Sardou had made the aristocrats all show a better pluck at the end—I mean in the prison scene. Still, it is a scene to remember for a lifetime, and never have I seen a child more perfectly natural and alive than the little, the very little girl who plays the part of Madame de Narbonne's little daughter. Never have I seen a more exquisite bit of acting than the exit of Madame de Narbonne as she backed out from the shrieking child with finger to lips—'Mustn't cry, mustn't cry.' A sob went like a wave through the huge audience; my own eyes were streaming."

Hall Caine's play, The Christian, recently produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, in London, seems to have received rather faint praise. Popular curiosity will, doubtless, fill the theatre nightly for months to come, but a successor to The Christian is already under discussion.

An interview has lately appeared in one of the London papers in which Mrs. Langtry states that she has for the present, at least, abandoned her intention of publishing the memoirs of her life. Her professional engagements preclude the possibility of literary work for some time to come. She is to appear at the Garden Theatre, New York, in January next.

Messrs. Fredrick Harrison's and Cyril Maud's season at The Haymarket Theatre, opened on October 28, with The Black Tulip, an adaptation by Sidney Grundy from the French of La Tulipe Noire. McK.

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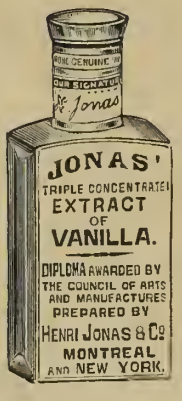

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Examinations will be held as follows: The Theory (paper work) in all parts of the British Empire—Early in June.

The Practical in Canada—Between the 10th and 30th June.

The exact dates will be duly announced. Entries close on May 1st.

All information, syllabus, forms of entry, etc., can be obtained of the Hon. Local Representatives in each centre, or from the Assistant Secretary, P. Boylen Williams, Central Office, Room 505, Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

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ADDITIONAL PERSONAL NEWS.

MRS. FRANK W. NEWMAN has returned to Montreal from Paris, and is now settled at 426 Elm avenue, Westmount, where she will be at home on the first, second and third Wednesdays.

Mr. E. W. James, president of the Montreal Football Club, is to be married to-morrow at St. John's Church to Miss Spence, of this city. The wedding is to be very quiet.

Miss Louise Austin, New York, is visiting Miss Goltman, St. Catherine street; she will visit the largest cities of Canada before returning home. Miss Goltman receives the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

* * *

A PRETTY wedding was celebrated on Wednesday, November 8, at St. Martin's Church, when Mr. Richard Lehmann, cashier of The S. Carsley Co., led to the altar Miss Freda May, daughter of Mr. Robert B. May, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. G. Osborne Troop, rector of St. Martin's. The bride looked remarkably well in a gown of ivory silk, trimmed with lace, and tulle veil, adorned also with the indispensable orange blossoms and carrying a magnificent bouquet of white roses. The bride was attended by four bridesmaids: Miss G. May, her sister, Miss E. Lehmann, sister of the groom, Miss Bertha Parsons and Miss Alice Whelan, who were all charmingly dressed and carried beautiful bouquets of white chrysanthemums. The groom was assisted by Mr. George Leroux and the ushers were Messrs. George Carch and H. Lehmann. The ceremony having taken place at a late hour a recherche supper was served at the residence of the bride's father, to which relations only were invited, although the bride's circle of friends is a most extensive one, as testified by the large number of presents received. Mrs. Lehmann was home on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week, at 702 Berri street.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE programme of the first concert to be given at the Windsor Hall by the Symphony Orchestra, on Friday, November 24, at 4.30 p.m., is so designed that it cannot fail to please. The symphony "Beethoven's Second," is a work containing many beauties, and will undoubtedly receive a careful and artistic interpretation. A selection of the airs of Greater Britain, to be played for the first time, is of special interest at present, and cannot fail to arouse the greatest enthusiasm, containing, as it does, the airs of the different countries comprising the British Empire. The vocalist on this occasion will be Mrs. Charles Crowley, of New York, who is the possessor of a beautiful and highly-cultivated soprano voice. Wherever she has appeared she has been the recipient of most flattering praise. The Musical Courier, of New York, says: "Mary Haydon Crowley has a really wonderful voice, a high soprano, which, though capable of executing the most exacting coloratura passages, possesses sympathetic tones and qualities."

The man who has a sad, far-away look in his eyes, is usually wondering whether he posted his wife's letter or whether he didn't.

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The **Montreal Free Library,** after ten years of faithful work has to report a marvellous growth and a phenomenal circulation, considering its resources. The demand for books is so great that it cannot be adequately met. No appeal has been hitherto made to the public except through the "Annual Afternoon Tea." Yet, with the development of the Library, its expenses have proportionately increased, while its revenues remain the same. Its power for good, already so great, might be increased tenfold by substantial aid from the public. A very brief study of its workings, the excellent results it has accomplished as an antidote to the spread of pernicious literature must be convincing proof to every one that it is an institution worthy of generous support.

The Eleventh "Annual Afternoon Tea" will be held at BEAMAN'S Conservatory Hall, 2269 St. Catherine St., on Saturday, Nov. 18th, from 4 to 6.30 p.m., and it is hoped will prove a great financial success.

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